MY PIONEER DAYS IN FLORIDA

1876-1898

By EMILY LAGOW BELL

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PREFACE

The classic advice of Horace Greeley of the early '70s, "Go west, young man," had about accomplished its purpose.

The Wild West was fast yielding to settlement and civilization.

This family of "Old Vincennes," this family of mixed French and English origin; this family possessing the pioneering instincts of its ancestry; this family sharing the empire building characteristics of its associates, the Beechers, the Lincolns and the Grants, "came south" to our Florida, the last frontier.

Here, on our East Coast, in the late '70s, this young lady from the old North met and wedded this young man of the new South.

They immediately moved to what is now Fort Pierce. Here, within the confines of our present city limits, they, with their scattered neighbors both on the north and south, engaged in the rescue of our fair and favored lower Indian River section from a wilderness of neglect.

Here they strove mightily, endured privations, suffered hardships.

Did you ever ask yourself concerning our predecessors of a generation gone, How did they live? What were the details of their daily life? What foods did they eat three times a day? What were their amusements? When death threatened, how did they "call the doctor"?

To these and other queries, the following pages give reply.

WILL FEE,

Historian, Old Timers' Association.

Fort Pierce, Florida.

This Book I Dedicate to My Children

I will endeavor to tell the story of my pioneer days in Florida.

In the year of 1876, on the 19th day of November, we left our Illinois home for sunny Florida. It was blowing and sleeting and so cold we were dressed with heavy clothes and furs, and we had 24 miles to ride in a two-horse wagon to Vincennes to get the train for Florida.

My father had come to Florida and he was so much better that the doctors said he would get well of rheumatism, so he sent for us. It took us nine days on the trip, as there were no fast trains those days, and nothing of any note happened until we got to Georgia. And myself and sisters had never seen only one old negro man and wife at that time, and we began to see hundreds of them as we came into the state.

And before we got to Atlanta we saw them by the dozens picking cotton, and they were so black and the cotton so white that their wool looked like it was gray.

And we got to the station where we saw little kinky-headed pickaninnies with their bags of cotton. Then the train stopped and some men threw some pennies to them and they began to dance, and their bowlegs looked like sticks of tar, and say, their shirts would crack in the wind, as it was cold, and they only had one garment on. Some of them sang real well, made the songs as they went along.

And the train pulled out and we got to the woods. It was getting late and we stopped at every cow trail as the engine used wood for fuel, and we heard the men say "De boys am going for to get a possum," and one man said, "Whar dat possum is?"

"I done tol' you hit was in de log. And de dogs is atter hit. When dey gits hit we got de 'taters and we got hot ashes. We can singe de hair offen it, then bake it in the oven and oh! de Lord knows how much I can put under this shirt of mine."

"Oh, go on, man, I likes possum soup and 'taters."

But we pulled out and didn't get to see the possum, for we had never seen any animal like that.

It was almost dark. We could see very little more. Well, next morning as we were nearing Live Oak, the train gave a lurch and stopped so suddenly it threw me against the window, leaving a good sized bump on my head. Our train was derailed, so they sent a stock car for us to finish our trip to Jacksonville. It was a car for sheep—no seats. We had to stand up all the way, and there was a dear little bride, and she had a No. 4 foot in a shoe two sizes too small, and she stood on one foot, then on the other, and the groom

would hold her up the best he could. And we of those days had telescopes instead of the fancy suitcases of today. Poor thing, the tears ran down her face, the pain was so great. Everyone was sorry for her, and were so glad when we rolled into Jacksonville, all tired and dusty.

Then we had to take the steamer Hattie to Enterprise, and the scenery was wonderful to see; those old live oak trees with their veils of Spanish moss reaching to the ground were great to us, and men were gathering it in great stacks. The captain told us it was for mattresses, which, when cured, was among the greatest for durability and better than hair or cotton, and soft and fluffy.

We spent the night on the boat and at night we felt lonesome, so we three sisters had learned a great many songs, and our voices were trained. We sang several pieces, unconscious of anyone listening. We found we were entertaining officers, passengers and crew, so we stopped. But they insisted, so we sang a few more pieces. Then mother and all went to our staterooms.

When we arrived at Enterprise, about five in the afternoon, and found rooms and the landlady, who was very nice, told us a great deal and gave us oranges from the wild groves, as there were a great many those days, and she brought us a real nice fruit she called guava, and of all things it smelled so bad, but of course we tolerated it and thanked her for it while she was in the room, but couldn't sleep with it in the room, so threw it in the bushes. But many years after we learned to use them in jellies and marmalade, and cutting the meat off the seeds made lovely cobblers—similar to peaches. Just as the lady said, we would learn to like them. Well, we were to start at six next morning.

Punctually at six the team came and there were five with the driver, and one large trunk, and only two little ponies, which looked like large sized Shetland ponies. We were used to big farm and draft horses.

Tickled to get started, even though we had been told hair-raising stories of the wilds of Florida. So we plied the driver with questions. Sometimes only a grunt for answer.

"Do you see many bears?" I said.

"Yep, some'res in the woods."

"Did you ever kill one?"

He said. "Nope."

"Do you see many snakes?"

"Haven't seed none since last huckleberry time."

"Where do you live, near here?"

"Nope; wherever I take my hat off!"

So he met some friends and one said: "Hello, Juniper, hain't seed you since last orange-picking time."

"Come to think of it, I hain't seed you since, nuther. I am on the road nigh about all the time. Well, s'long. Gid-ap here, boys."

So sister asked him what his name was. He said: "Wal'll, they call me Juniper tew hum."

"Haven't you any other name?"

With a drawl: "Hit's Juniper Pig."

"Have you got sisters and brothers, too?"

"Yas, got some, one sister. Her name is Florida Pig."

And we could hardly keep our faces straight at his name, but we hid our laughter the best we could and wondered if she looked like the razorbacks.

So after two years I had the pleasure of meeting his sister, and she was a beautiful girl of sixteen, so we cannot judge one by the name.

It was Sunday and four in the afternoon, and we expected to get to New Smyrna by six. The distance was 30 miles. Already so tired of riding over roots and through deep sand, when all at once we heard singing. Pretty soon we came in sight of young folks coming from church and singing school. Girls and boys on horseback; each Beau Brummel had his sweetheart on behind him. Some had on home-made palmetto hats, all draped with Spanish moss and wild jasmine, which was a novel sight to us.

Well, we soon came in sight of the preacher. We had heard the poem of the wonderful one-horse shay, for it looked like it had run one hundred years to a day. The minister himself was old and a wonderful man—Methodist preacher. Preacher Selick was his name.

But the funny part was yet to come. There was a large family in an old-fashioned ox cart. The mother and children had dresses and sunbonnets all alike. The old lady and man were sitting in cowhide chairs looking so happy and smoking their old clay pipes, while the eldest boy was walking and driving with a long gad, and all at once the oxen got scared, and over went the children. The old lady upset, her pipe flew out. The old man, rather stiff, managed to get ahead of the oxen and stop them and, quieting the children, started on. Oh, pshaw! if we only dared to laugh as we wanted to, but were afraid, for we had heard the Crackers were terrible folk if they got mad at you. But to this day I have to laugh, the way they looked as over the roots they went bumping.

Well, we are nearing our journey's end at last; only three miles more, our guide said, and of course we expected to see quite a town. But, on arrival, we didn't see a dozen houses, store and all. Then we arrived at Cal Knap's. He was customs officer at New Smyrna at that time, and my father was boatman for him; also George Mendall, as he had to keep two men, boatmen.

So, after the pleasure of meeting father and the new friends and supper over, we had almost decided it was the end of a perfect day, so we started down to the grove to get some water, and it looked so cool and nice we drank it, but oh, gee! it was that awful sulphur water. So disappointed, for we were so thirsty—nothing to drink all day. So we turned to look at the beautiful orange trees, so laden with the bright golden fruit. It was a grand sight to us, as we were used to seeing apples and other fruits. We did

not touch one, but the colonel told us to help ourselves, so we each took one, for we had to pay ten cents apiece at home for oranges.

As we stood looking around in fear of snakes we began to stamp our feet and rub our faces, and our heads itched and our faces began to burn, when sister said, "Let's go." We couldn't see what the matter was, so the little girl who was with us said, "Oh, it's only sand flies." There were millions, so we ran back to the house, where they had made smudges, and we didn't sleep all night for them. So after that we had them nearly every day, and a mosquito hawk came and lit on my younger sister and she screamed, "Oh! it's a sand fly; let's run!" But they were so small that the Indians would say, "No see um," but we used domestic or sand fly netting—nets to sleep under, they were so bad.

Colonel Knap was a great tease, and a few days later he found a box terrapin and put it under our bed and told us that was the small sized bed bugs. He would find something new to scare or tease us about almost every day.

So one morning he showed us the oysters—great bars of them. It was low tide, so next day my little sister and I slipped off our shoes and took the boat and went out to get some for dinner and we got overboard, and say, if you ever have seen those sharp edges —just like razors. Our feet were almost ruined. You could trail us with blood. He was sorry that he didn't tell us to put on old shoes. That ended our slipping out and not asking questions.

Now, father had rented a house at Hawk's Park, south of New Smyrna about three miles. It was in the woods—no neighbors nearer than three miles—and we had to go in sail or rowboats to the town of New Smyrna. The house was just a shell and we had bunks to sleep in—couldn't get furniture nearer than Jacksonville, 200 miles. Well, we put up our nets just before night, mosquitoes so thick they roared like bees or hungry wolves. Our hands and legs were swollen so badly we cried and would bathe in strong salt water, they poisoned us so bad.

And the next morning we went out on our little dock to see the fish in the river. There were thousands of roe mullet, as it was their season. It was a truly wonderful sight. But oh! it was so lonesome, for we had come from a large town. So we children cried an ocean of tears the six months we lived there. We wanted to go home, but father had rheumatism so bad he couldn't live in the north any more. He would be in bed helpless for six months at a time. So that was why we came to Florida, and my father got well. So we got used to the country and stayed. Father's name was Alford Lagow. My bitterest disappointment was when I found that there was no school to go to, and I was sickly and couldn't go very much. I felt that I would rather die than not have a real collegiate education. I wanted to be a great writer, so I read everything that I could get. Father taught me when he was home, and I thought I would run away and go back to my Illinois home, but had no money, and that winter the orange trees were so frozen trees

were split open, and so we hadn't anything but the land and couldn't get one dollar an acre—not like it is today.

And we didn't know how to raise cow-peas and sweet potatoes like the natives did, but learned later.

We got two boarders and they paid us three dollars a week. Not much, but it helped to get grits, and we could get plenty of fish and oysters, but we couldn't get coffee all the time, so would slice sweet potatoes and brown them in a Dutch oven till real brown, then boil a few minutes and it was real good coffee.

We would cook grits about two hours, for we had never seen it before. We ate it with bacon gravy or lots of lime juice on it. Boiled or baked fish—we had none of the things to make things palatable like we have today.

Now, we had to go to Port Orange to get most of our groceries. Captain Fozzard and his father kept store and we had to go in a small sail boat and had to cross New Smyrna inlet, and so many times would have to wait till the tide swerved.

And the mosquitoes and sand flies seemed to come up out of the sand as soon as the wind would drop; would roar like hungry wolves. We did not know enough then to carry smudge pots and wood to smoke them away. We were almost crazy with their biting us, so we tore up one of our underskirts to make a smudge, or we would have been crazy, for we had to wait for three or four hours. And we thought of what Sherman said about the war. It was h——, but that wouldn't fill the bill. And one night were going along nicely and the moon was shining like silver on the water. Oh! it was one of the beautiful nights, wind light in the winter and cool, when the young man said, "Look over there, something floating." So they pulled up close as they could. He said, "Dad, it is a man." Oh, horrors! a dead man. Say, it was a ghostly sight. Father said, "What shall we do? We can't leave it this way." So they tied a rope on the body, took it on to New Smyrna, and found it was a man who had fallen off a schooner. So that broke us girls from going any more.

Now, we had been to the place we called home when my sister said, "Let's go kill some squirrels for dinner." We had a nice single barrel shotgun and she was a good shot, so we started off. Just back of our house were lots of hickory trees, and so many squirrels. Well, in just a little while we got six, so sister said, "This is enough for dinner and I'll go on to the house this way and you go down by the field and get some pumpkins to cook for dinner." They were like squash.

So I started off whistling—didn't let her think I was scared. I got to the field, had my skirts full of those small Indian pumpkins and had to climb over a palmetto log fence, which was quite high, when all at once I heard a cracking in the bushes and my heart thumped so loud I thought they might have heard it at the house. So I started to run, dropping my pumpkins, and as I got over the fence I looked back and saw an alligator was coming over the logs,

and I think I must have flown, and oh! that 'gator could travel, too. The faster I ran he seemed to get up quite close, and he had his back humped up in the middle and his tail off the ground. As I got nearer the house they heard me screaming and all the folks came running out on the porch, and as I got to the steps and pointed back I fell breathless, and when the two young men saw what it was they just roared and then I cried, but they said it wouldn't hurt you, but I didn't trust anything like that. That was the way it crossed the lot to get to the river, but I still respect them enough to keep out of their way, and didn't gather any more pumpkins—by myself!

Now, I wanted to go to Sunday school and church, but had to go three miles, but I learned to row a boat and could sail quite good. But father took me up on Saturday to Mrs. Lewis, a teacher. She invited me to come and spend Sundays with her so I could meet the young folks, and I did go all winter.

In February the church had a festival and, of course, each one gave a cake or a box to be sold, and we had oyster stew. So my sister and her beau and myself and a beau all four started in a row-boat, so got there all right, and at 11 o'clock started for home. When we got to the boat the tide had gone out and left it high and dry on a bar. Well, the only thing was to walk.

Now we started. For a mile it was not so bad. We could keep the trail Indian fashion, single file. Then we came to a dense hammock, dark in daytime. We got to an old house, so borrowed an old lantern and it burned for a little while, but the wick was short and it went out. Then we lost our way and wandered around in palmetto jungles and finally came to the big canal and a clear place. So the boys hallowed till they were hoarse and, oh, glory! someone answered. It was like a message from heaven.

And it was Mr. Abbot. He came across the canal with a torch of fat pine. Those days we used them instead of lamps or candles. He said, "My good folks, it is a wonder you didn't get snake bit or the panthers catch you," for they were numerous at that time. Well, he put us on the path and gave us torch wood to last till we got home. We had a mile yet, and when we got home the family was all up and didn't know just which way we would come, so just had to wait. Anyway, when we got there our clothes looked like we had been through a threshing machine. And I tell you we never went to festivals or dances only in daytime and spent the night in town.

And the next morning a neighbor said a panther had killed some of their pigs, so we knew we wouldn't go again!

I became acquainted with the young folks and there was a dear little old lady that I stayed with quite a lot, and she often would chaperon our crowd. Mrs. Mathews was her name. Now we woud have singing school and the teacher sang what he termed a wonderful bass, but he sang through his nose, so it really sounded

like a tin fog horn, for I don't believe he could have said pudding to save his life.

Well, singing and dancing and beach combing was the only recreation we had those days, now called beach parties.

There was a scarcity of young men, so when a new one appeared, why of course we girls all put on our broadest smile, and there was no rouge and powder and lipstick, and we didn't have perfumed soaps, and flappers were not known those days.

Now we all went to the ball on Friday evening, and it was our usual crowd, and we had danced several square dances and waiting, for the music was great. It was a fiddle and not scientifically played, but really was good, and a young man sat in front of the musician and had two sticks about fifteen inches long and beat the strings, and it was real good, for it was like two instruments. Well, it was about ten o'clock and we stopped dancing and went to our seats. Who should we see but a strange young man and, of course, all began to brush our hair and dresses to look our best.

So one of our friends came in and introduced him. Of course we wondered who would get to dance first with this good looking stranger. So, as I looked up he was coming toward me, and I had that pleasure first. So he finally married one of the girls in our set—Miss Emma Loud. His name was Westall.

Now, if you have a Peterson's Magazine of 1874, 1875 or 1976, even to 1880, you can see the styles. Well, we wore long trains and tight basques and polonaise with loops in the back and bustles, and some hoops and sleeves tight from elbows down, and the tops were like balloons. Some wore waists so tight they looked like wasps. And when we were dancing we had two or three smudges. We made brushes of palmetto to brush the mosquitoes off our shoulders and backs. And the men those days wore boots, high tops, and some had brogans which looked like plow shoes, but they danced as light as they do now with pumps on, and one would think the men would step on our trains, but not so, for they didn't dance the crazy way they do now, for if any young man dared hug the girls the way they do now they would have been thrown out of the hall as being crazy.

So now we move along. It is Sunday and the men folks decided to go to the beach, as we sometimes got coconuts and mother would scrape the meat all out fine and put the milk out of it back and mash and strain, and it was delicious on rice, grits or even bread with a little sugar. We lived on that diet for many weeks.

One day the men had been gone a short time when we heard a pig squeal. Mother grabbed the gun and started, but it was loaded with fine shot for squirrels, so when she got to the picket fence there was a half grown bear with the pig in his paws, gnawing his neck, and mother shot him in the face and loaded and shot again, and I tell you that bear rolled over and over and ran in the bushes. We went after a neighbor who owned the hogs around there, and he and some other men came and in about an hour had Mr. Bear.

They killed and dressed it and sent it around to all the neighbors. Mother and father ate some of it, but we girls had just as soon eat a monkey.

We were anxious to see the bear when mother shot him and were near the fence, and it looked like he would come through it, so we didn't have to be told to move—we just flew—never stopped to see if he caught mother until we got to the house.

That night when the men came home they surely were surprised to see so much meat. So mother told them how it was and they said they would get buckshot for her.

About one week later my sister and I were coming from Mr. Abbot's with a basket of green peas and potatoes and onions. We were going through a dense hammock, and it was getting late, when we heard some hogs coming and they all rallied close to us. We set our baskets down, but the hogs were frightened, so they didn't care for anything to eat and we soon saw what was the matter. A big bear was biting at a big sow to make her go to her bed, where her pigs were. Oh, horrors! We didn't get our breath till they passed on down the ravine, where her bed was, and he got two or three before we could get Mr. Abbot there. But he killed him and then took us home. He said he had been killing the hogs for some time. Say, now, a ghost story could make you have that creepy feeling like meeting a big bear in the woods. When our men folks came home that night it was funny to see how they looked when we showed them so much meat again. Oh, joy!

Mr. Mendel told us he had a letter from his father and they were coming to Florida—two sisters, one brother, father and mother. Going to move to Florida and live next to us. Oh! now we could hardly wait for the schooner to come from Jacksonville, for they had to come that way.

Our neighbors came and we found them to be very religious and wouldn't do a thing on Sunday but sing and read. We certainly did enjoy them, for then we could go to Sunday school, for the young man built a small sail boat and we could go more. We wouldn't be afraid. Their father was a dear old man. He was an old sea captain, and evenings we would sit around the fire and he would tell us sea stories about whaling trips.

Walter told his sister we would go to Sunday school the next day and we were ready early, as we had to go with the tide, three miles. We went out on the little dock we had, and our dresses starched so stiff they rattled like stiff silk. Everything was starched those days. Dresses and skirts would stand out like hoops, but now the thinner and tighter dresses are today is more in fashion. Now it takes one yard and a half where it took ten and twelve yards to one dress.

Now back to our first Sunday trip. We got in the boat, started, had a fair wind and got about a half mile from the dock when the halyard broke at top of the mast and so Walter said, "Girls, sit over on the one side and I will go up the mast and tie it back."

Well, we moved as he said, and he climbed about half way when the boat tipped to one side and over we all went. Well, the water wasn't more than three feet deep, so we held onto the boat and waded to the sandbar that was close to us, and we just had to look at one another and laugh till we cried; our nice starched dresses limp as a rag. We pulled the boat up and baled it out and rowed back. The folks all came running out and before we got to the dock the planks broke and they all fell in, so we had a baptising and they all laughed till they could hardly help each other out. There were about ten of them; it was like a movie picture. After getting straightened up, dinner over, we decided to go to the beach, and we made it a habit to all pick up an armfull of driftwood to put pieces in the little fire we would sit around at night and listen to the old folks tell stories and sing songs. And sometimes we would gather a bushel or more of oysters and roast them, which was fun as well as being delicious. And many times broil the fish, and only corn bread to go with it, but we were healthy and had lots of fun. As father's health was so good that we decided we could stand it, but never had been used to living like that. We could have gotten the money from home and gone back, but father said, "I won't take the back track."

Now in 1878 father and my brother-in-law got some carpenter work at New Smyrna, an addition to the Ocean House. It was owned and run by Mr. Lowd and wife. There were quite a lot of Northern people came to Florida at that time, so they were busy all winter.

I was at my friend's house, Mrs. Lewis's, and she had two old gentlemen visiting her. She introduced them to me and they were the J. & P. Coats brothers, whose thread you all have used. They were the manufacturers of the six-cord thread. They were jolly and always brought Mrs. Lewis presents, besides her year's thread. We went to church, as she was a Northern Methodist, and they were, too, and they were singing that old hymn, "Saviour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to thee," and one would say "I am co-ling-ing" after the rest had finished, when, as always, the young folks would snicker out loud, but he never knew he was furnishing the fun. These two gentlemen were Mr. Lowd's boarders each winter.

Well, at that time father and brother made three dollars a day between them, so they brought home some flour and bacon and mother had learned how to take the sour orange juice and make the most delicious biscuits, and baked them in a Dutch oven in the yard, then took three or four slices of bacon and fried it crisp and made thickened gravy with it. We couldn't have much of it at the time, and couldn't get coffee only once in a while, so mother took corn, parched it brown and made coffee out of that, and sometimes used small roots, sliced them thin, put them to dry for a few days and it made real good tea. It was a briar root.

So one evening father came home all full of business and said

a doctor from Savannah had come down to Florida to study the nature of the saw palmetto berry to make a kidney medicine. So he took Dr. Fox under his wing and they talked it over as Dr. Fox had found they had fine medicinal properties in them for the lungs.

So the doctor told father he would give him fifty cents a bushel for ripe berries. There were thousands of bushels of them. Oh, joy for us. We could get about ten bushels a day, so baskets, boxes or bags were got together to start next day. Not early, oh, no! Not till a breeze sprang up, for the mosquitoes were in the bushes solid till about nine o'clock.

Father took boxes and nailed a piece of hickory stick split in two parts on the boxes for handles for each of us. Over to the beach side they were black beauties and the bees were after them for the honey, so I decided I would try one. They looked so nice and juicy. Oh! So they were, but that has been forty-nine years, but never did I try one again. I could never tell you how it tasted. It took the skin off of my throat, but I never told it till some of the other girls tried it, and didn't tell it for years after.

It took a long time to get a bushel, and we had to tie pieces of crocus sacks around our legs to keep the mosquitoes from eating us up, and put paper in the backs of our dresses so they would not eat our backs, then tie a piece of cloth over our heads to keep them off our necks and out of our ears. Oh, it was a tortuous job. Well, we got five bushels the first day, but did better the next, so we made about thirty dollars that week.

Well, the market closed glutted, so they said they were experimenting. So they built a shed and put a furnace in it and a sixty-gallon kettle to cook them in to separate the syrup from the oil. It looked like castor oil when pressed out, the oil skimmed off, and then they boiled the syrup down and lots of people liked the taste of it. Said it was good on pancakes. I took their word. Once was enough for me.

Well, it was put in kegs and shipped away to Savannah, and there were lots of pummies and no more work till the verdict was rendered, which would be sometime before the test was made. That hardship over, now for the funny side of it. The pummies had to be disposed of. I was staying with a friend, who lived in a two-story house built out on a dock. They lived upstairs and had a store on the lower floor. So they used wheelbarrows to haul the punnies to the edge of the river, and they had tide water there. It rose about three feet and carried off lots of it.

I was sitting by the window and watching some hogs and an old sow with four pigs were eating those pummies like they were the best kind of food. I didn't think any more about it until about two hours later and I looked out to see if they had a feast. The old mother hog was trying to get up out of the water and she would fall back and grunt and try again, and the pigs would try to get up and squeal. Say, it was a sight. So I called Mr. Star and

told him they would all be drowned; they were sick—poisoned. "Gee whizz, I wish it was me," he said, and laughed.

And I said, "I don't think it funny to see them drown."

He said, "Don't you see what the matter is?"

I said "No!"

"Why, they are drunk on the soured pummies." And by that time I guess the crowd gathered, and I think there were at least six men who were just roaring, the most amusing sight to see hogs drunk, and I said to one: "That's the way you look sometimes. The only difference is two feet and you have them when you can't walk. You crawl." But they had to lift them out. He said: "You are hard on us." And then there were some chickens so drunk, and one old duck-legged hen would stand and drink till she got so wobbly she would tip over backwards. And an old rooster that evening tried to get on a little log of wood to crow and he steadied himself, got on the log, and over he would go, flutter around and try again. We laughed till our sides were sore. By that time women and children had gathered to see the sights, too.

After dark some of the men decided they would squeeze some of the juice and try it. They were drunk for three days and they said they thought they would never get sober.

We gathered a few more berries and shipped them in boxes. When gathering berries we always had a thrill coming, for if we saw a rattlesnake it was a chill instead. There were lots of them, as there were lots of young rabbits, so the men would kill them, which they liked to do with pleasure.

Berry time over, so three of us girls would go over to the beach in a small scow boat father built for us. We lived about a mile across the river and the beach side was about a half mile to walk. We would row over and most always have a fair wind back, and we would cut about five big palmetto fans and put them up by the little mast and say, it would pull us across the river. So one time the sun was hot. We took the big umbrella with us. We started back and sister was standing in the bow and Susie in the middle and I steering with an oar when she hoisted the umbrella and oh! say, we just sailed for home, or nearly home, and she was holding the handle tight and I forgot about an oyster bar near home, when all at once we struck it and struck it hard, when over she went, head, neck and umbrella. It turned wrong side out, but it was shallow water, no danger, so we did not say a word. Mother always expected us wet when we got home.

So we used several more umbrellas before we were found out as we were sneaking one in. George had seen us and seen the umbrella turn wrong side out, but we had the fun first, so didn't mind the scolding—it didn't last long.

On Thursday my friend, Mrs. Abbot, sent her son down, which was two miles, to tell me she was going to have a week-end party, as the men folks had just returned from a hunting trip and had deer and turkeys and quail. So I soon got ready and we started

back and we had to hustle as it was getting late, then a dense hammock to pass through, but I wasn't afraid, as John was a wonderful shot and had a good rifle, and a good hunter, too.

Well, we got there at sunset and we could smell the meats roasting and the nice sweet potatoes all baked in Dutch ovens in a fireplace. They had an iron bar across the fireplace where they could hang three kettles at one time and then pull the live coals out on the hearth and put the long-legged ovens on them, then put the lid on and cover that with hot coals, and when you would raise the lid it was the nicest brown roasted meats with potatoes all around, and the corn bread in one large pone was a rich brown, and it surely was the best meat I had ever eaten. I never had seen anyone cook that way before. Well, there were about fifteen of us, and words fail me to express the pleasure we had dancing and eating. It was a real feast, and that was not the only party we had, for both Mr. and Mrs. Abbot were jolly and their latchstring was always out.

Well, on Saturday Mr. Abbot said: "Miss Emma, I have a dandy beau for you. He is rich. He saw you and some of the girls in the grove today and he asked me if you were my daughter and I told him no, that we were having a house party at my house, so I invited him to stay for supper and dance, as we were breaking up at twelve o'clock that night.

We girls saw the stranger coming with Mr. Abbot and he introduced him to all, so none of us grils liked his looks. His keen black eyes would pierce you through. He was tall and dark and heavy black mustache, which he seemed proud of. Well, we girls danced with him and I told Mr. A. I didn't like him at all; he is too black.

He said, "He will improve on acquaintance."

I said, "No, I never change my mind." So Mr. A. told him what I said the next day. He just laughed and said "She will see. I always get what I want with little trouble."

He came two or three times and the next week Mrs. A. and I went to Smyrna to trade some, and it was late when we got home. So Mrs. A. had me stay all night, as the next day was Sunday. So I stayed and I told John if Beau Brummel came that day we would play a trick on him. John was Mr. Abbot's son. He said, "I am with you." We didn't dare to tell Mr. A., but we told Mrs. A. what we had planned on doing and she said, "Be careful, for he is a South American nad they are treacherous." It didn't scare me. So I told her after supper she should rock the baby to sleep and John and I would wash the dishes.

He would come around the corner of the kitchen, where a bird pepper bush grew and he could eat them like I could cherries, so that was fine. He dressed always in white linen and a fine tucked shirt bosom, not a wrinkle in it. The dishes washed and we dumped the pot liquor off the turnip greens and the grounds off the coffee all in the big dishpan, and John was to watch and when he got to the

corner I let it go and the contents struck him in the face and went the whole way down. Oh, joy! What a success! He blew the grounds out of his mustache and puffed like a porpoise, and said: "I believe you did that on purpose," and I said, "Well, you should whistle when you go around the corner of people's homes." He said, "Well, you knew I always get some peppers when I come."

I said, "How did I know you were coming, and did you get them?"

He said, "No, but I'll get you."

I said, "Yes! too bad to spoil those spotless clothes," but he never came again.

So as he went back down the path he met Mr. A. and told him. So Mr. A. said, "I know it was an accident," but in his own mind he thought it was just like me, one more of my tricks. Mr. A. came to the house and said, "My God, Miss Emma, what did you do to the Malay?"

I said, "Nothing, he came around the corner of the house and I throw the dish water out. He must have been standing there and of course, I couldn't get the dishwater back, could I?"

So John and Mrs. A. and I laughed till our sides ached, and she would have to put her hand over John's mouth so Mr. A. wouldn't hear us and catch on.

After a year we told him. He said, "I always thought it was you, but it was dangerous, for those Malays are mean, and like Spaniards." He was a Malay. They are dangerous, but I think that convinced him I didn't care for him and he never came again. Really, I was glad. After thinking it over I was afraid.

CHAPTER I.

Now in the year of 1878 Mr. Abbot built a large two-masted schooner for a trade boat. It was a real store and he was going to make his first trip down the Indian River, as the nearest store to Fort Pierce was Titusville, and it was over a hundred miles, and all travelled in sail boats and it took from five to ten days to make the trip.

Well, they invited me to go on the first trip. I was delighted, as they had everything so comfortable, and of course we had to put up our sand fly nets each night and the men folks slept on deck and we had lots of room. The boat was fifty feet in length and quite wide.

Well, the first day we had a head wind and at night Mr. Abbot said to his wife: "We must put up the sand fly nets," as the wind had dropped so the river looked like glass, and the mosquitoes were roaring like bees—millions of them—so we got into our nets.

The next morning, soon as the breeze came up, we set sail and made the haulover the first day. Then Titusville the next day, and stayed one day, but anchored in midstream to spend the night and, as usual, nets up at sundown.

We made City Point next. Mr. Abbot blew his conch, a big shell which he had fixed to blow like a horn, and when the folks came out to see they waved to us.

Well, Mr. A. jumped in the small boat and got to shore and Mr. Enoch Hall, tax assessor at that time, came in his boat, and Albert and Mrs. Faber came out also; did quite a bit of trading.

Mr. Lawrence Faber and wife came out and Mrs. Abbot and myself went ashore with them. They had three little children, eldest son, Leon, and twins, Roy and Lorena, who were in a soap box wagon their father had made, with wooden wheels, and Leon was hauling them around the house. The two Messrs. Faber were successful orange growers, noted for their superior quality, which brought them good money.

Mr. L. Faber moved to Fort Pierce and started a little home bakery, which grew so rapidly he had to build a larger place, then invested in other property until he has built up one of the finest bakeries and up-to-date machinery of all descriptions and latest type. He also is a very influential man and a wonderful citizen.

His sister, Mrs. Frank Powers, whose husband is in the real estate business, resides in Miami. Now on with the story.

Mr. Abbot and wife were the jolliest company—anything for fun.

Mr. A. said: "Now, Miss Emma, it is up to you to see how many nice oranges we get, for there are lots of young men that work in the groves. Now look your best."

I said: "I don't know about the looks, but give me a chance and I can play jokes." So Mr. Williams came out and did a lot of trading, for he had quite a number of men to buy for. Then, after he went ashore two young men came aboard—friends of Mr. A. They stayed about three hours and we got supper, so the dudes came back. One of the boys' name was Charles Creech. He brought me a half dozen oranges, but Mr. A. said "He sure is stingy." I said, "He didn't have a basket to bring them in."

The other fellow's name was James Bell and I really liked his looks. Mr. A. whispered "That is a fine fellow. Tell him you like oranges." After the bugs began to get thick we said we would stay the night there, so they went ashore, saying they could come in the morning.

Then one lad about 18 came and bought tobacco and a pair of boots. His hair was so red Mr. A. said if he were in the woods the woodpeckers would feed him. So one of the children told him what his dad said and he had a big laugh about it.

Next morning, breakfast over, Mr. Bell came out and brought me out a fine box of choice fruit—100 of golden beauties. Say, my heart beat three times too fast, so I thanked him so much for them. He bought high top boots. He was a fine looking man—black curly hair. He was pilot on the Indian River for small sail boats and tourists. And of all the beaus that were selected for me, he seemed the nicest. So it was really love at first sight.

Mr. A. said: "Those oranges are for me, aren't they, Jim." I saw him wink. He said: "I'll tell you, I will give you Miss Emma for them."

I said: "Oh, Mr. A.; What what will he think of me to have you talk like that?"

He said: "Jim is an old friend. He is used to our jokes." So he left. We proceeded on. Mr. A. said: "I bet I tie that knot yet. He said he is coming to see you when you get home. I said, "Never!"

I peeled a large orange and said, "Just see how nice."

Mr. A.: "Give it to me," and grabbed it out of my hands and stumbled back and knocked a caddy of tobacco overboard. But his son jumped in the small boat and got it before it got wet.

He said. "That's all right. Peel me another." Mrs. A. put them away till we got home.

Now for Fort Capron and Fort Pierce. Not anyone came out.

At St. Lucie Judge Pain's folks came out and stocked up their larder.

We went on to the House of Refuge at Peck's Lake, on the way to Jupiter. We got the sails all down, for the clouds were black, and about four in the afternoon it began to rain and blow so that the spray came over on the boat, but we were in a good

harbor and it was fierce all night, and lasted 24 hours. We were all right. That was my first experience of gales in Florida. I was so scared I couldn't lie down or sleep till it was over.

We started for Jupiter and arrived at noon, so glad to get ashore to walk around. Spent the afternoon going up in the lighthouse, and only three families there. Captain Armour, wife and three children were so glad to see us, for they didn't have company, and we surely did have to get under our nets, for sand flies were the worst I ever saw them, and the children began to cry—three of them. I would have cried, too, if it would have stopped the insects from torturing us. Mr. A. said, "Hush, children, the Indians will hear you and come on the boat," and I, of course, was green, thinking maybe they might come, and sure was scared. Still, if the Indians were a mile away they could have heard my heart beating. The children kept on.

Mrs. A. said, "Old man, the joke is on you." So he told them he would sing a song for them if they would stop, so I put the song in here. It was an old sailor's song, and the children went to sleep, but not me. I would have given anything to have been home. He sang through his nose.

SAILOR'S ALPHABET SONG

A is the Anchor, which holds our jolly ship.
B is Bowsprit, which neatly does fit.
C is the Capstan, on the deck it does stand.
D is the Davits, where the small boats hang.
E is the Ensign of red, white and blue.
F is the forecastle, which holds the jolly crew.
G is the Gangway, where the captain does stand.
H is the Hawser, that never will strand.
I is the Iron that bounds our ship round.
J is the Jib-boom, where head sails are found.
K is the Kelson, that leads fore and aft.
L is the Lanyards, that make back stays fast.
M is the Main Mast, down through the deck goes.
N is the Nasty old cook at his stove.
O is the Order for all men to beware.
P is the Pump, where all men swear.
Q is the Quadrant, the sun it does take.
R is the Rigging, that never will break.
S is the Starboard side of our jolly ship.
T is the Topsail, never will split.
U is the Ugly Old Captain, down aft.
V is the varnish that brightens our mast.
W is the Water, more salty than brine.
XYZ there is nothing can rhyme.

Now, I tell you I was happy when we started home. We had

a fair wind, we made one stop at Fort Pierce, and found the gale had done quite a lot of damage. Alexander Bell and family, also Mr. Archibald Hendry's family, Mr. Sellers and family were living at Ten Mile Creek. This was the 1878 storm.

The gale lasted 24 hours and the creek began to rise and James Bell and brother, Frank, and others found they had to get something to save the women and children, so took the floor out of the house, made a raft, and the water was in the house then!

Well, he took his mother and children first to an Indian mound, which I think is near Ten Mile creek yet. He had to make several trips before he got them all and forgot his horse, and it drowned in the yard.

There were cattle, hogs, deers, snakes and coons, possums, turkeys all coming to the mound. Hundreds of stock and animals drowned. They built fires on the mound and the second day the water was receding and they all came into Fort Pierce. Couldn't tell the rainfall. So, after hearing of their safety, we left for home.

Four more days and we arrived home, and we were glad. The trip was wonderful to me, as well as the torture of bugs. Oh, gee! Well, the girls were so glad and said, "Oh, joy! We haven't had a bit of fun since you left. Didn't go to the beach. Now, rest up and we will have fun."

We went to church Sunday and found some new folks had come in and Mrs. Lewis introduced us to them. So we thought we would like to entertain them. We were invited to go with Mammy Mathews to a dance. That is what she was called by everyone.

We had been dancing and a dandy young man came in city clothes. We all, of course, stared at him, which was rude, but he was a new fellow—one more for fun. He was secretary to a botanist. They were getting specimens for an institute at Washington, D. C. We three girls decided we would show him some nice places of interest. So, after each dance, we would tell him of the wonders of the boating and scenery. So he said he would be delighted to go with us. We found he was green and near-sighted, and mortally afraid of snakes. Well, we put our heads together. Louise and Sady and myself put our heads together and began to lay plans for fun. So we invited him to take a boat ride up the big canal. He said he was delighted. Next day he was to meet us at ten.

We had a lunch with us, but we ate it before he arrived, for it was grits cooked nice with bacon, gravy over it. When hot and put in a pail and when cold slice it. We found it good when hungry. Well, Mr. Tyler arrived, groomed to a finish. Our boat was a good large rowboat and two could sit in the back seat, so Sady would steer. She and he both sat there and I was to row, Louise in the bow. All steady. I pulled out in the stream, then up the canal.

He was delighted with the scenery and old oaks, with the Spanish moss hanging to the water's edge, and the palms waving. He just beamed with delight.

Louise said: "Let's go up to the rustic bridge where the grapevine swings are, and not so hot." Tyler said: "That will be great," and, of course, we knew it would be, for we had had trouble in being initiated in the mysteries of their castle or harem. Anyway, they sting as they come out of a big nest of guinea wasps. We had knots on us, too, for days. We carried soda with us after that; it takes the poison out.

Before we got up that far we put our sand fly netting over our heads, tied them under our chins, for no more stings for us.

Tyler said: "Oh! this is great. I never have had this pleasure before."

But he did not know what was in store for him in a short time. He said he didn't know there were such wonderful places in the world. But wait; he will find different wonders before we end this trip. So I rowed right on under a big saw palmetto bunch, where the wasp castle was.

Louise said: "Oh, look! There's wasps!" "Wasps!" He looked up like he thought they were birds.

Sady said: "Oh! There it is." So he jumped to one side. We steadied the boat the best we could, for the water was deep and I didn't want to be thrown out, for I could not swim. The joke nearly turned on us.

Tyler said: "Oh! there is one." It was a bird. So about that time we hit the nest, and sure enough, one got him between the waistband and the seat of the boat. When he hallowed, "Oh, I sat on a tack," of course we didn't dare laugh. So we sympathized with him. About that time one got him under the chin. Then we moved and told him it was a wasp, and so sorry, and he thought we were truthful in saying we did not know they were there. Put some soda on his chin; that was all we could do.

Well, we started back, and Louise said, "There is a spider," and knocked it in his lap. He almost turned green, he was so scared. He thought everything then was one. She got it out of the boat. Tyler tried to jump ashore; we were near it, and it was about three feet deep.

So I caught his hand and we jumped out and ran up a little hill. The girls hallowed, "More wasps!" Sady caught up with us, took his hand, so I let go, for I saw what she was going to do. She could swim, I could not. They ran on. She said, "Oh! jump, there is a snake!" Off they jumped with a splash and his hat floated off. He came up with lily pads and roots all over him and he blew like a porpoise. Sady was all right. It was the most fun we had had in a whole year. We told him if he hadn't jumped we might have been bitten.

"And, say, you did look so funny, and we did not want you killed."

Sady looked a fright—hair all down and full of roots and pads. She didn't care. Look at the fun.

He spluttered and said: "You—you did that—that on purpose," his face all swollen.

Louise giggled all the time. He said: "You did this to have fun with me, so laugh, darn you, laugh. I am all wet."

Sady said: "So you are. Let's be mermaids," and threw wet moss on him. Then we just roared and said: "You look like Bluebeard." Then we brushed him off the best we could. We started to get to the boat and he saw a stick move, thought it a snake, and jumped in the briars. We could not laugh any more, for we were nearly all in.

We took him to the place where he stayed. So he never told anyone of his lovely trip, but said he fell in the canal. We said we would take him beach combing. He said: "If I go I'll get a guide, but I leave on the schooner in the morning." So we told him we had lots of pleasure. So we bade him good-bye. He said he would always remember the day.

When we got home our folks thought we were caught by the Indians or drowned. That night we were dying to tell of the fun we had, but we knew if they found out we wouldn't get to go without one of them.

We didn't know anyone had seen us. There were two men working in a grove who saw us and told father he had seen his girls when we played the joke on the young man, and had never seen boys play tricks any bettter; never saw girls so full of sport. So I tell you we got a real sermon, but had the sport first.

Now we decided to learn to knit cast nets, and Captain Mendel taught us, and he also taught me to make braid for hats out of the cabbage palmetto buds. After he taught me one kind of braid I soon leraned to design ten different kinds. He had learned to braid the grass in South America and I made hats for the tourist trade; also fancy fans and center tables. Also stork baskets for babies. I was handy in millinery work. Mother made flowers out of the palmetto. So the hats sold from $2.50 to $5; fans, $1. We gathered plume grasses and wild sea oats and shipped them to a firm in New York, for which we got fifty cents a bunch.

CHAPTER II.

Now we are going to celebrate the first of May at Turtle Mound and the folks up and down the river would prepare for a big time and come to the big fish fry and bring baked sweet potatoes galore. We all had a big feed. There were about forty with children and all together.

On our way over we heard an old lady say she hadn't been wet all over in twenty years, and afraid to get wet.

Her granddaughter, Louise, said: "Let's duck grandma," and we said, "Aren't you afraid it would kill her?" And we were nearly to Turtle Mound, and the boat was large. We had to go to shore in rowboats. There were six of us to go ashore. Some of the boys were catching fish. One of the boys said to Louise: "How old are you?" She said: "I am sixteen this summer," and she said: "How old are you? He said: "I'll be nineteen next orange picking time." Then she said to a boy called Bob: "How old are you?" He said: "Last roe mullet season I was 18 years old. I said: "Say, suppose there was no roe mullet, then how would you keep your age?" He said: "I dunno." He didn't know his letters, and there were many others like him. There was no school at New Smyrna at that time.

Louise said her mother said salt water would cure grandma. We planned that when we got in the rowboat and got near shore that one would stand up and stumble and fall on one of us and both get on one side, and we did. Both fell at the same time and all were tumbled in the water—old lady and the six of us. Well, it was not deep, but the old lady's starched bonnet fell off. She was about 180 pounds. So we all got her up and the older man told her to get on his back and he would tote her ashore. So she got up on his back and Louise pushed me, and say, I nearly fell under the bottom, and we both fell, the man and the old lady in the water again. Several men came and helped her, but she walked ashore at last.

We didn't have bathing suits, but wore an old dress. So the women folks had their old dresses and soon had her dressed, but she looked too funny for anything, but she said all right, the water was fine. But we girls had to get behind the trees to have a laugh. Two or three years after Louise told her grandma we did it for fun. After that she would go in the surf and it never hurt her one bit. Her name was Mrs. Goodmen.

We would go to some of the homes to finish the day with dancing, and we were like one big family. Each tried to make the day a perfect success.

When I got home mother said: "There is a young man here to see you. He came from Fort Pierce. Now, who is he?"

I thought I was in for it, so I said I met him on the Indian River. He said he was coming to see me some time when he visited Mr. Abbot.

Mother said: "Did he write you?"

I said: "No."

She said: "Does he know you are a Yankee?"

"I will tell him if he wants to know, and that is no difference." So the next day he and Mr. Abbot came to see me and meet my parents. They stayed about three hours. Well, mother seemed to like him, so he said we would correspond, and it was three weeks and I got a letter with a proposal of marriage. So I showed it to my parents. They said: "It is up to you, but wait for a year."

She said: "Did you answer the letter and what was the answer?" I said yes to both questions. Three months later he and a friend from childhood came up with him. His name was D. L. Futch. He went to Enterprise to get our license and he had to walk the 30 miles there and back, making 60 miles. So you see he was a real friend. He was gone four days and we were married by our friend, Mr. W. Abbot, who was justice of the peace at that time.

We were married the 25th of July, 1879, and on the night we were married the mosquitoes and sand flies were so bad we had a smudge at both doors, both outside and inside. The smoke was so thick we could hardly see or breathe.

My husband had a boy that he was taking care of and raising. He was about 15 and a fine lad, and we soon became friends, and he stayed with us until just before he married. His name was James Olmstead. He married one of Ruben Carleton's daughters. They lived in Fort Pierce for several years, then he went to Miami over twenty years ago and became one of the contractors and builders, and still resides there.

We visited with friends for some time after we were married. Then we started on to my husband's people. He had a nice little flat bottomed boat and we had a new sand fly net and some cooking utensils, some provisions and my clothes. We bade my family good-bye and my girl friends were there to see us off, and I never saw my pals again. The two girls went back north.

We sailed away, a fair wind, and made the haulover the first day.

We had a friend who lived on the canal and we were invited to spend the night. His name was J. Sykes. He had lived there for years and had raised sweet potatoes for market.

We got to the house, just himself and three children, were all ready to sit down to supper. His wife was dead, so he did the cooking. He had sweet potatoes baked to a turn and had baked mullet and coffee and grits. He cooked in a fireplace. We did not stop for dinner, but did justice to his supper. We gave him some flour and coffee. After supper we visited for a while, then to bed

and to get an early start the next morning, as the bay was twelve miles wide to Titusville. We started after eight o'clock.

We arrived at one o'clock and got dinner. Quite a number of my husband's friends came down to see us, Sam Belcher, the Titus boys and Sam Norton, and my husband's uncle, Alex Stuart, who was clerk of the court for thirty years. Sam Belcher moved to Miami after the railroad was finished and started the Belcher asphalt business. After his death the business continued. Well, the next day early, or I say early, it was nine o'clock when the wind sprang up. We wouldn't dare put our heads from under the net, for the skeets were solid. But when we got started with the dandy little boat we could skim over the water with a nice fair wind. So it did not take long to get to Eau Gallie. But I think it was known as Horse Creek.

We stopped at Rufus Stewart's. That was my husband's uncle. He and his mother were living on a high place just north of the creek. Mrs. Stewart was my husband's grandmother. They came there in 1872 from Hamilton County. Later Mr. Stewart married and moved to Banyan, on Indian River. Planted a large grove, raised truck, also a large family, and became wealthy. He was a very influential man and has passed away. While visiting Grandma Stewart they had a man who was working for them. So he went for fish and threw the cast net, caught three big mullet, and uncle said: "Now watch him, he will take the fish and fight the mosquitoes off off his face and neck," and sure enough, he did. Uncle said he had to make him go in the river to bathe every day. He didn't mind the fish scent at all.

Our visit over, we went on to Capt. Houston's, who lived at Horse Creek. Mr. and Mrs. Houston had five sons and two daughters. Capt. John Houston was quite well known as a guide and piloted boats; also a builder of boats. He also raised four fine boys and three daughters. Capt. Frank and Capt. George were both men of the river boats or on the sea. Their grandfather came to Indian River in 1870.

As soon as we arrived at the Houstons' they said: "Oh! now for a dance." It looked like they shook the bushes, and in all there were enough to form a square dance and, of course, the fiddle was the only music. And the next morning I heard someone as I thought grinding coffee, but I found they were grinding corn, and took the coarse part from the meal or fine part and made bread and had the grits cooked to itself, and I got to where I thought: "Grits is rough and grits is tough, and, thank God, I had grits enough."

The next night we sat around the fire and Mr. Houston told us some stories of the sounds that would awaken them in the night. the sounds as if horses running and their hoofs sounded like they would have heavy shoes on, and the clanking of heavy chains. Then boats would come to the shore and sound like a regiment of soldiers. He said they would rush out, and not a sound, but when everything was quiet would hear it again. Only certain times of

the year. Now, everyone who knew Mr. Houston knew him to be truthful, for we had experience along that line, too.

On our way again. My husband said: "I will take you to see an old man who lives all alone only for his hound dogs." I found they were mere frames and long ears, so thin you could almost see through them.

We got there at nine o'clock. He was in a shack of palmetto and looked snaky, I tell you. He had a pot of grits cooking on a fire in the yard and a dog on each side anxious to be fed grits, fish in two pots. When done he would mix it together for the dogs. Well, one dog would get a little closer, then the other would move up, too. He had a paddle to stir his stuff with and if one got too close he would hit him, then stir his food with it. He insisted on us staying for breakfast, but told him we had breakfast at Mr. Houston's. He said we must stay and I said, "Oh, thank you."

His name was Stone. I don't know his first name. He was very interesting and told us a story, and said he had lived there on the end of Merritt's Island since 1868. Came in on a boat. So he told us of a hidden treasure that Capt. Drake had told him of, and the ship had come ashore near Canaveral. Capt. Drake was a pirate on the high seas.

He said about a mile from him was a place where no one could live in any peace on account of the sounds like someone was pelting the house with rocks, and there was a tree that was always shaking like an aspen. There was an old colored woman lived there —the only one that could. That was in 1858. We thought he came treasure hunting. So he did say so.

In 1926 I met a Mr. Drake and I said: "Are you a descendant of Pirate Drake?" and he said: "Yes, great-grandson. I am not proud of it, but there is a hidden treasure on Merritt's Island that several have tried to get, but have been thrown to the ground so hard they didn't try it again. But there were two parties in 1912. One of the party, just as he got in the large hole, his back was nearly broken. They say at some time they will turn it loose, but only to some of the family."

We finally got away from Mr. Stone. I was getting so tired, and it was some trip for a bride who had never dreamed there were such places. I was out of quite a little town. We will not stop unless the wind should drop, then we would have to get under nets to live.

On the seventh day of August we arrived at Taylor Creek and my heart was in my throat, for I did not know how the family would receive me, as several people told me the south did not like Yankees, but I did not feel like that, for I was so happy. We landed and we saw three of the sisters coming to the landing, and then one looked at me and ran back to the house and told them at the house that brother Jim had a girl in the boat, and when we got to the house they saw I was all right and treated me fine. But after

I went to bed I had a big cry to myself. I was lonesome—never so far away from my people before.

But next day I met my brother-in-law, Frank Bell, and wife, who, before her marriage, was Eloise C. Hendry, sister to Mr. Arch Hendry of Fort Pierce. Then my father-in-law came in from his farm at Ten Mile Creek, where he still stayed after the flood, and I loved him at once. He was such a wonderful man, a very quiet, cultured gentleman. He raised cane and corn, potatoes, and had a few mango trees, some sour seedling orange trees and a few sweet orange trees that were taken from the old Herman grove down near Eden. We each year would go there and get bags of the finest sweet oranges from the old grove. Father Bell planted the seeds and then the big freeze came and some of the big groves were ruined. Trees even on the north part of Merritt's Island, where the famous Dummit grove was, froze. Then there were several men hunting the frostproof part of the state for new groves, and my father-in-law had died, and the family decided to sell the Ten Mile place and a Mr. Sid Williams came about 1894 or 1895, and he bought the place at a very low figure, something like five or six hundred dollars, and he built up something like one hundred acres of grove, which sold for a fabulous price. Now it is owned by the Standard Growers.

Why did he buy out there? Because it was below the frost line and it was the Alexander Bell place in 1872.

After this interruption, will say the first meal I ate at the home of my husband was cow peas cooked with dried beef and cooked in a large kettle, and home-made grits. I had never seen dried beef cooked like that, but, say, it was real good.

CHAPTER III.

We brought quite a good supply of groceries. For about two weeks we all had a feast. Our nearest store was Titusville and go by small sailboat. It was one hundred miles, but a head wind made it nearly double. Would take from ten to fifteen days to make the trip. So if one boat went the four families would send together.

One family was James Russell and mother and his wife, Liza Russell, and one son, Will. They lived at Fort Capron. And Judge Paine and wife and two sons, James, eldest, and Thomas Pain, and one daughter, Gertrude Pain. They lived where it's called St. Lucie. His daughter married Judge Minor Jones in 1875, I think. They had three sons, John, Stanley and Wade, and one daughter—don't know her name. Judge Jones was elected judge of the judicial circuit court. He made an excellent judge and his nature was always fair to his fellow man. His work was too hard. He had nervous trouble, hard study, so he passed away and we lost a good citizen and friend.

Alexander Bell came to Fort Pierce in 1871 with wife and two sons and four daughters, names James S., Frank, Ella, Alice, Matella and Lilly. Now father, mother, both sons have passed away. Alexander Bell was the first white child born in Hamilton County, Fla., in 1827, grew up and was a very cultured and highly educated man. Was captain in the Seminole Indian war and was a member of the legislature. He was wanted to run for senator, but he did not care to enter in politics so deep, but was at all times a hale fellow, well met, and his latchstring was always out. He was a cousin to Governor N. B. Broward. He liked his rural life best. Governor Broward's sister, Maggie, taught school for one term in 1880 at Mr. Bell's home.

Mr. A. Hendry moved from Polk County in 1872 with four daughters and two sons. In 1878 Frank Bell married the eldest daughter, Eloise Hendry.

That made two families and then husband and myself made three. The town was growing. Our next neighbor was Capt. Armour and wife, one child, that was a son. Then it was forty miles south of Jupiter. He was keeper of the lighthouse at Jupiter Inlet. Not sure of the date, but think it was 1854.

We leave our neighbors and return to my story. August the twenty-eighth, 1879, we were so excited, for we saw a strange boat in sight, and we were so anxious we went to the bank of the creek and found they were going to land. Seven of us all lined up. A man came up the bank, then asked if they could camp there.

Father Bell said certainly. It was Captain Benjamin Hogg, Mrs. Hogg and sons, William, Alex, Marion. Later his eldest daughter, Jessie, came. She is the wife of Robert Brown.

Capt. Hogg said: "Well, I have brought a load of groceries to sell or trade."

Father said: "Fine, fine. You may have to stay for about ten days to send word to the cattlemen and Indians, for you can trade dry goods for hides to the Indians."

While the men talked we women folks talked. Mrs. Hogg said she bought one hundred dollars' worth of stuff on a fine watch and so they were going to try to build up with the country. We all became staunch friends. They were to run between Titusville and Jupiter. People came from Lake Worth to Jupiter to trade with them.

Then the second trip they struck camp at old Fort Pierce and did a good business with the Indians. Captain built a palmetto house for their stuff. She had many ups and downs with the Indians. Those days brandied cherries and peaches were sold in all kinds of stores. So the Indians became very fond of them. So she would not keep them until she had some protection, for the Indians might get wild.

We were so glad to have a store, even if it was two miles from us, and we felt we could have better eats. Capt. Hogg then bought a schooner and plied between Jacksonville and Fort Pierce. My husband was catching green turtle at that time, so Capt. Hogg took them there and sold them for him.

One day Capt. Sharp of City Point was visiting us. We started in our little boat, the Hannah, to the store and a large tarpon fish jumped out of the water, struck me on the face and side of my head, knocking my hat off, and hit my husband's black hat, and the silver scales rubbed off and looked like they were painted on it. The fin scratched my face. Capt. Sharp thought the boom had broke and hit us, it was done so quick. It hurt my back badly. We went on and my hair was full of slime off of it. I don't care for tarpon fishing that way.

Mrs. Hogg bought a place where Mr. P. P. Cobb's store now stands. I think she got it of Mr. Ruben Carleton, as they had moved over here from the west coast. Anyway, she built a large trade with the few people here. She had worked hard, and not any too well. About that time Mr. P. P. Cobb and T. J. O'Brien came and Mr. Cobb helped with the store. Mr. O'Brien came in the interest of the telegraph company, putting up the poles. Then we knew we could hear from the outside world.

Then she sold out to a company of men from Connecticut. They came here to start an oyster cannery and called it Cantown. Mr. Julius Tyler was president of the company. So they got busy and stocked the store up and Mr. P. P. Cobb continued with them. Then he bought them out, so the store has grown from a small one

up to a large business of all the latest and the best. You will find Mr. Cobb still on the job.

Mr. Cobb and Mr. Card, wife and little daughter, came from the same place Mr. Cobb did, and the two men got a small boat together. Something came up and they decided to saw it in two and each take half, so Mr. Card made his little daughter a playhouse out of the bow. That was fine for her. She was a dear little tot. And then they went back North for her education and, on returning several years later, she gave several nice little dances and recitations, and sang the song that had just come out, "When Cuba Gains Her Victory Under the American Flag." Now she is with her mother on their large estate. They were among the first and best pineapple growers and became rich, and Lucia Zora, who is a writer of note after a splendid stage career. She has retired.

Mrs. Hogg, after selling out, turned her attention to real estate. They bought a saw mill at St. Lucie River. They did well. Captain stopped the sea work. Mrs. Hogg helped the people with food and in trouble. She never turned away from them and was missed when she passed over to get her reward.

I must tell of a cute trick her son, Alex, did when they first camped. Everyone kept some fire in the yard. We cooked on it and kept smudges. So his mother sent him over to get some fire coals. Her fire had gone out and none had matches, and no sun that day. We could start a fire on lint or cotton with a sun glass. He said: "Miss Bell, my mamma wants to get some fire," and I said, "How will you take it?" He said, "Wait, I will show you," stooped down and filled his hand with sand, laid the coals on it and got a fire started. So you see how smart he was, and I believe he has continued. He is a prominent man of Fort Pierce today. He has lived there since 1879.

CHAPTER IV.

We lived in the home of my mother-in-law until October, then my husband decided to build us a palmetto house, and it was a large, nice house. As we had taken a homestead that adjoined his father, we had to live on it, but couldn't get windows nor doors, not even boards for a floor. We had two windows and put sand fly netting on them and put an old canvas sail on the doors. We kept the house dark, for the mosquitos were thick and the horseflies were almost solid. I have scraped the horseflies off the windows and would get three quarts at the time. They tortured the cows until we have had to build large smudges to keep them from killing the poor things, and in the woods many were killed. They were thicker than a swarm of bees.

Mother and father were coming to see us and Mrs. Lucie Lamb was moving back north, so mother bought a bed and cooking utensils and carpet and a real stove to cook on. Now we began to feel like real folks, with a stove, for we had a pen built and filled in with dirt two feet high, so as not to stoop over so much. It was bad, for the smoke would make your eyes ache and I burned so much up. We didn't have kerosene only part of the time, but used fat pine split in long splinters to light, and it made a good light, but the soot was black and settled over everything.

When mother got here it was nearly dark and my husband was cooking hoe cakes out in the yard, and mother said, "My child, is this the way you have to live?" We had bunks built in the side of the wall like ships, bunks, no doors to keep animals out. "Well," I said, "you have brought me some carpet. That will be better, but not secure."

Mother and father stayed a week, then went back to Hawk's Park and put their stuff in a large flat bottom boat known as the Bogum, and brought my young sister, Lena, and an old Portuguese man, who had been with us nearly a year. His name was Joseph Parata, known as Portugal Joe. He was light-handed, would take things he should not. One day mother said, "Joe, you will get shot some of these days." He laughed and said, "No man go to hell steal for eat." Mother said, "Yes, but you stole clothes."

He would laugh. So when he came to our home he went down to Mr. Richards' place, where an old Cuban had died, and he stayed there till someone murdered him, thinking he had money. Father picked him up on the beach. Said he was lost off of a fruiter.

There came a schooner from Savannah to buy turtles. We had

about 50 nice green turtles and we got most of it in provisions. And then we would let the neighbors have some of it.

I had learned to knit the turtle nets and they would be about one thousand feet when he put three together. Sometimes he would get five or six, which would be over a thousand pounds. We would get a good price, six and seven cents a pound.

Now my husband got the mail contract to carry the mail from Titusville (to Lake Worth then, now Palm Beach). He made a trip every two weeks. We got our mail at St. Lucie. Mr. Jim Pain was postmaster.

He would start as early as the wind would be hard enough to fill the sail. Then he had to stop at Waveland with mail to the Baker family. They were an old and fine family, who came there for health, but I never knew them very well. But he had to leave his boat at the lighthouse and row across the south side, then carry the mail bags on his back, walk eight miles to the postoffice. He carried it for six months, then gave out. He said someone sent an iron stove lid in the mail and some potatoes and seeds, so he stopped. I don't remember who, but think it was Jim Russell who took it next.

When the tide was high the sand was so soft they could hardly get along. They only got $30 a month. He would have to carry a smudge pot with him, then he would rest one day, then start again. I stayed by myself. Now can you imagine a girl out of a town staying in the wilds, no windows nor doors, only a lantern or torch wood for a light?

My husband said I should stay at his father's and I said noth-nothing won't hurt me, for the Lord takes care of fools and children, and I felt I was both.

There were no tramps and the Indians never came near unless they saw some men folks, but I had gotten over my fear of them.

But the panthers and wildcats would scream and growl at night and the skunks would come in the house, but I kept still and they would soon leave. We slept under coarse domestic cloth screens, or bars, we called them, tucked under our home-made mattress. We made them out of the saw palmetto fans. Took an old steel fork and stripped them up fine, and they dried in the sun and made a bed as sweet smelling as new mown hay.

Aunt Kate Stewart had given me a nice half-grown kitten and we named it Maggie, but should have been Tom, but he knew the name. We were on the bed. I said, "Let's take a nap." It was about three in the afternoon, and threw myself across the foot of the bed, Maggie by me, and I couldn't get to sleep, so got under the net and tucked it under the mattress good, so no snake could get in.

I dozed off, and all at once I sat up in bed, and Mag had his hair on his tail all fluffed up and creeping to the edge of the bed. So I was quiet, only my heart beat so it shook the bed, or at least I thought it did, anyway, and I could see a large rattlesnake slowly

crawling across the floor, leaving its trail, making himself at home. I stayed in bed until he crawled in the bushes. It was the first I had ever seen. I kept the cat in bed, too. So I fixed the net good and went up to Father Bell's and he said wherever one goes another would follow. Then I knew I would not go home till hubby came home. When he saw the trail he said, "Now you must not stay by yourself," so he got my sister, Lena, to stay with me. She brought her pet kitten, Snoozes. We left him at home and took our washing up to Mother Bell's, as I didn't have any tubs or washboard. In fact no one had them, only battling blocks and a paddle to beat them with, was the way they washed. So I never did wash. It was funny to me, but our clothes were so white and nice.

Our clothes dry, tied in a bundle, ready when my hubby came to take us home. It was dark and sister's kitten would always meet us at the gate and hide, then jump to scare us. I heard a rattlesnake sing his rattles and see the cat jump, and I said "Run, a snake!" and did not know where he was. We got to the house and lit the lamp, and it seemed like everything that moved was a snake. Well, I set supper, and about that time the kitten came in and the blood came trickling down his face. He had bit him. He died a horrible death, but none of us could kill it. We couldn't eat our supper. Next morning we went out to the fence and my sister said, "I see it, it is under the palmettos and it was on an old piece of quilt that had been thrown away. So we set the bushes afire all around it and it got burned till it looked like a limb of a tree. It was over six feet. We had killed nine the first six months we lived on the homestead.

We would go over to the beach and had picked up enough lumber to build one room 12x12, and father went to some large pine trees and cut some down, cut them in three-foot lengths, then rived what they called clapboards for shingles and we felt real proud of our little one-room home.

I am a little ahead of my story, for on the 27th of August, 1880, there was a terrible hurricane lasting nearly twenty-four hours, and we had gotten our supply of groceries from Titusville, and we were still in the palmetto house and the roof blew off and no way to save our stuff, one barrel of corn meal, one barrel of grits and one of flour. We lost all of it. The grits had swollen till it looked like a poisoned pup.

Well, we grabbed each a quilt. Mother took my two-month-old son, Charles, and father and she would cling together and myself and sister and hubby held together, but when those heavy puffs would come it would nearly take us in the river, for there were no roads. So we went on the river beach all the way to Father Bell's at Taylor Creek, and they were getting wet, but their roof stayed on. We got in the driest places we could and tried to keep the baby dry.

Most of the windows were blown out—the glass ones. After twenty-four hours the wind lulled, and we didn't have a bite to

eat, no place to cook, nothing to cook, all gone, only some horse corn. We had a mill, so we tried to dry the corn, but parched it so we could eat it that way. Before the storm cleared my father was all wrapped up and huddled in a corner of the room and I went in to try to get a place, and I looked at him. Say, the old big cat was sitting on his head, and so wet till he looked like he was soaked in a tub of water. It was too funny. We had to laugh. If we were wet now, you haven't seen the fish after a storm. They were so hungry or storm beaten, the men folks just picked them up by the hundreds and, believe me, we cooked them as quick as we could and ate them without bread, till we could dry some corn. We could eat anything, I tell you!

Next day, Sunday, we saw a sail boat in sight. It looked good to us. They stopped at our place. They said they were on a camp hunt for a month. We told them of not having bread or lard, so they gave us some. They could see how the storm had done us.

Mother went to work and baked some dandy biscuits, made with lemon juice and soda, had no baking powder. She baked them in a Dutch oven and gave some of them to the visitors, and they said they had never eaten biscuits made that way, and cooked in the yard. They left that day. Words fail to express our feeling as the delicious bread went down so smooth. Only as a colored boy once said, "It sho' do taste like heaven dust." He was right.

Now I will continue, after telling of my second storm in Florida—first, 1878, the flood; second, 1880. We finished and moved in the house I spoke of. We were sleeping sound and it was one of the most beautiful moonlight nights and not a ripple on the water, and the silvery sheen glistened. Only to be seen on the beautiful Indian River. Not a person nearer than one mile, when all at once I found myself sitting up in bed shaking husband, saying "Indians, Indians!" He listened. Nothing moved. He said, "You were dreaming." I said, "No, be still!"

We listened and it was after one o'clock, and then the sounds, like horses with shoes on running around and around the house, and clanking of chains. I jumped up, went to one door, he to the other, and everything ceased, not a leaf stirred. We went to bed again. It would commence again. It would last only a short time. Then we would hear a rowboat land at our dock and throw the oars in the boat, and it was as plain as if we were there in the boat. Well, this was five or six times a year for the first three years we lived there. It was spooky!

A stranger came to our house in 1883 and said he was to old Fort Pierce, where Col. Pierce one time had some soldiers and had a skirmish. He found several cannon balls and what they called minnie balls, and the bank was at that time built up like they expected trouble from the southeast.

We told him of the sounds we heard and he said the ground had been fought over and he believed that was the cause of it. He dug around and found some skulls. He said they were not Indians.

He took some of them north with him. G. Albright was his name. Well, father and mother decided to move down the river on Hutchinson Island, where there was good truck land. They built a dandy palmetto house and got enough lumber off the beach to floor it so they could keep the snakes out. But we found it hard, as the mosquitoes were so bad and sand flies fierce. They were there day and night. Smudges didn't count, but after they cleared the brush out the wind could get in and blow them away. They were there about three months when Thomas E. Richards and son, Will, came down opposite on the mainland. They called it Eden, but after a few days found it was not the Eden they were looking for. He said it was what commenced with H—, but they were good scouts and stayed.

On Sunday they came over to see the ocean. My father, A. Lagow, and my mother were the only people there at that time. It was Sunday and they insisted the two Messrs. Richards should stay for dinner. Mother said, "I will give you some cabbage, for it is different from the kind you raise." So father talked till I knew they were tired, but Mr. Richards wasn't far behind. They enjoyed the palmetto cabbage and said they would try cooking some. We all became great friends and they would bring mother over some flour. She would bake bread for them, for part of the week they learned how to camp like we did.

We showed them how to tie the nets onto their hat brims. I made them palmetto hats, broad brims, for shade.

One Saturday night Will caught a large possum, and father told him how to dress it. So he did and brought it over early so mother could bake it. He put it in soda water all night. Mother fixed it and put it in the big Dutch oven, and when it was done she had sweet potatoes with it, and say, a fresh milk pig was no better. It was baked so brown, looked so nice, but I couldn't eat a piece of it—would not go down. Father and my husband, Mr. Richards and Will did it justice. So mother fixed the remainder with the potatoes for their supper. But sister, mother and myself had a cabbage dinner. Too much like a rat.

We couldn't get hops to make yeast, so we took the mission grape leaves and used them like we do hops to make yeast cakes. We used the leaves with salt to make our cucumber pickles. Within two weeks they would be just right.

We came back to help dad to get a road cut out over to the beach, about three hundred yards. We were busy piling brush and dad said, "Say, I wonder why Richards and Will didn't come over; they always come on Sunday." I said, "Let's stop; it is Sunday." Dad said, "It is Saturday," but we lost our notch sticks and worked on till nearly dark. "Well," dad said, "if they don't come over I will go see about them." So we cleaned up and mother put on some turtle to cook. They all liked it.

About ten Sunday, as we thought, they came over and dad and all of us dressed for Sunday. We noticed they looked at us funny.

They didn't have their Sunday clothes on. That was clean overalls and homespun shirts. Mother washed for them.

Mr. Richards said, "What the devil are you all dressed for?"

"What is the matter with you? We don't work on Sunday." And Will said, "Oh, dad! that's a good one on you. Where is your bottle? Good joke on you, old man. All jokes aside, this is Monday. We didn't get over yesterday; had company and some friends came in time for dinner. They said it was Monday."

So dad said, "The devil, we will keep it just the same, for we worked yesterday."

One time after that we lost the day. Father and mother would go for miles to old wrecks and cut the copper bolts out of them and we would be miles from home, and carry them in sacks on our backs to get something to eat. Capt. Hogg would buy all we could get at fifteen cents a pound. Sometimes we would get fifty pounds, then go back the next day for more. As sometimes it would be all covered again, then we would have to dig the stuff out again.

Sister and I went over to the beach. It wasn't over three hundred yards, but through a jungle. The one we cut out on each side of the trail was oaks, thick palmettos. We took a pail, for we would catch the crabs as they would come on the waves. We could catch them before they would sink in the sand. If we were quick enough we would get a pailfull.

After I saw some crabs eating a dead colored man that had been killed and one time eating a dead dog, that ended my taste for crabs. Dad ate them. We got them for him. Well, this time we kept busy and I got up and looked down the beach. We both looked. "It's two people coming this way," sister said, "It's Indians. Let's run." "No," I said, "it's too small for them. She said, "They are on thier hands and knees gathering shells."

"Say, now, I'll run. Oh, see! it is two bears, sure!"

We began to step lively, feeling my hair standing straight. Say, we couldn't speak. Sister could outrun me.

I said, "Stop, my heart has quit beating." We got to the trail. Sister screamed every step. I looked back and called for dad, hoping he would hear us and come with his gun. He was running, and mother, too. Well, he was out of breath, had his gun. I couldn't talk, but pointed down the beach.

They were coming, dad said. "Stand still, they will pass this way—old path of theirs." So we were on the opposite side from dad, but we were shaking, so we didn't think they would go between dad and us, but they turned and ran between us. Oh! what a feeling, to stand still. Well, he didn't see them turn till they nearly ran over him. He jumped, fell back and dropped his gun. It fell on his foot. He opened his month so wide his chew of tobacco fell out. It was so large it was big enough to break his other foot. Well, mother got there.

I said, "Oh, it was two bears as big as the house." Mother just roared. We did not go after our bucket of crabs, either, but went

for the house. After we got there and were over the excitement, Mr. Richards and Will came in to tell us of his exciting time.

So we tried to tell them, and the way dad looked when he dropped the gun on his foot and his tobacco fell out of his mouth. They just roared. "Why didn't you shoot?" He said, "I dropped the gun." He was dazed. Then Mr. Richards said, "Dad, you are a good one."

They stopped laughing and he said, "Now, let me tell you what happened to me Monday." We were all attention.

He said, "I was on the river beach and I saw a big coon wading in the water, so thought I would have some fun. So I threw an oyster shell at it and looked. It growled, so I threw a piece of a limb at it. Say, it came at me and caught my pants leg and climbed up to my shoulders and scratched and bit me terrible. I went out in the water, it still fighting. So I got it by the neck and held it under the water till it died."

He surely looked like he had been in a den of them. Mother gave him some salve to put on the places. "No more coon fights for me," he said. He was clearing land then. Mr. Richards put out a large pineapple farm and made good. In fact, he was called the pineapple king.

His daughter came and his two other sons, Frank and Harry, then his wife, and he built a splendid home. Had a very interesting family. He lived at Eden till he passed over; also his wife.

Father found he could not get the land—it was a grant—so moved back to Fort Pierce. Took the homestead adjoining ours. He put up a one-room house. He got the stuff off the beach and covered it with palmetto fans and made a roof.

Then it was time for my husband to get the cattle up for his mother and his brother and himself, for they had to be marked and branded. He went out to a place the cow hunters called Snipe Fields. That is where the dairy of Mr. Cleveland is now. My husband and Mr. Hays cut the pine trees down and peeled the bark off of them and built us a real nice log house, then built pens where he could pen the cows and mark and brand them. Sometimes other people would mark our calves for themselves, and they would be sucking our cows. There were rustlers those days. Then the mark would have to be changed. It was cruel to cut their ears so much.

We lived there quite a while and my first baby was born, Charles Alexander Bell, 6th of June, 1880. And the first doctor was Dr. Moore. He was stopping at Mr. Bell's. Charles was the first grandchild. His grandparents were very fond of him, and since he is grown he often says "Abraham Lincoln hasn't anything on me—I was born in a log house, too. I am proud of it."

They had to brand the calves with a hot branding iron over the old brand to change it, then cut the ears over. Web Hays once said, "The marks look like the devil tore loose in one ear and h—— tore loose in the other." He was about right, I guess.

In the evening my husband would go out and crack his 16-foot whip or drag, they called it, and give a call that as far as the cattle could hear it, they would come, for we had smudges to keep the horseflies from killing them. So many times he would call me out to see a deer that would come with the cows, and one night he called: "Come here, quick," and it was to see a mother deer and her twin fawns, spotted just alike. Every once in a while they came back.

My husband was building a smudge and called, "Come and see this snake," and I said, "No, I don't like them," but went on, and it saw us, and its color was a peculiar color, all mingled with black and green and light yellow. It started to crawl off and he threw a pine burr at it. Then its tail went up to its head and formed a hoop like, and it rolled for several feet. Then he struck it with a club and killed it. We examined it and on the end of the tail it had a horn like a dog's toenail. Now, it is said there are no hoop snakes, but that was the second one he had killed, the first on the Kissimmee prairie with his whip.

Frank Bell, my husband's brother, always helped with the cattle. He had quite a number himself. All done for this year of 1880.

We decided to move back to our homestead. As we could get no money to live on, to put out trees and plant potatoes and cane, so he got the mail contract again and in a month got to our place. I could not see how we were going to pull through the month, as we had no milk, for we were living on corn meal and grits with clabber milk and what butter I could make, but not near the river to get fish. It was three miles, and to walk was too much, so I was so hungry, and he had gone to his mother's for the day.

I was not strong, not having the food necessary for a young mother. I sat down and looked at my nice clean little cabin, and I had four hens that Aunt Polly Sellers gave me, and I put the eggs she brought me in the crack of the logs, and some red peppers in another place, and everything looked so nice. Then baby cried and I took him up and cried. I said, "Baby, we are alone and the day will be so long. I feel like we better die together." Three miles in the woods, not even a dog. Baby asleep. He was three weeks old. I put him down and as I looked towards the path I saw someone. My heart was in my mouth—couldn't tell who it might be. And as they came nearer I could see it was a woman, and it was my mother. And I knew if anyone could get me something to eat it would be she. When she came in I looked at her. She said, "What's the matter?" I said, "Nothing." She said, "I know better." I said, "Sit down, for you must be tired."

"Yes, and had no dinner. Walked all the way." I broke down and cried and said, "I haven't had much to eat in ten days, only grits and clabber and milk, and the cows turned out, so had plain grits."

She said, "My God, to think of your living out here and not enough to eat!"

"I can't help it, I am sick," I said.

"Where is your husband?"

I said, "He went to see his folks in to the river."

"Why didn't you go, too? Where is the ox cart?"

"Why, I couldn't walk and I couldn't ride on the cart—only the pole to sit on, so rather be here."

She said, "I will go to old Fort Pierce to Mr. Hogg and get you something to eat. We have over two hundred pounds of copper." She had to wade a pond, walk through woods and around ponds, but at dark she came in so tired she could hardly drag. I cried to think mother had to walk and carry things to eat, but it wasn't much—about ten pounds—some tea, sugar and bacon, three pounds of flour. We had pancakes and fried the bacon and made thickened gravy, and I don't think food ever tasted so good. Husband came. She gave my husband a scolding and told him: "You should have brought her home. We had enough for her."

He said, "I will get stuff tomorrow."

She said, "Why didn't you bring it now," she said, "I came, she had nothing, so I went all the way to Hogg's store to get this for her." He never said anything more. They always got along fine. He knew mother was right.

Well, we moved back, so he started with the mail contract, and I had enough to eat, for we would be one mile from the store and nearly a mile to walk to Mother Bell's at Taylor Creek, only go in a boat—no roads. Now I would be alone, baby and me, but I could shut the house up. It had solid wood doors and windows on hinges.

Third night I heard a scream like a woman in distress. I tell you, it was a chill instead of a thrill. I shook like an aspen and I heard it again. Then I knew it was a panther, and it is a peculiar sound. And now I was thankful I had such a solid house, and I did not open the window till late in the morning, and went out, and say, it had been all around the house, and such large paws it had.

The next day my sisters-in-law, Ella and Alice, came down and I went back and stayed till my husband came with the mail. He was gone six days.

I had some chickens. We built a good tight coop. One night I heard them squawking and I was afraid to go out alone again. I thought it was a possum, but it had reached its paw through a crack and pulled a hen up to the side and tore her whole side out, but could see it was a wildcat. Then I nailed slats over the cracks. The skunks would dig under it. It was a puzzle to know what to do.

Turkeys and deer would come through the yard and seemed to know I would not hurt them.

I took baby and went to the store and I was all in, he was so heavy. This is November that I went to the store. Who should I see but the store full of Indians, and I was so scared I nearly lost

my breath, but Mrs. Hogg gave me a chair behind the counter and she could talk some with them. Told old Parker, he was chief at that time, I was Jim Bell's squaw. He said, "Uncah Jimmie Bellegas pickaninny." She nodded her head.

Jim Russell was there, so he said, "I will take you home. I go by there. And in the night my husband came home and I would not let him in until he called me by name. I thought it Indians.

My husband had been with them for ten years. He and his father, his brother, Frank. could understand them and talk to them.

In 1882 they came in to the river to camp, and they would come to the house if the men folks were there. I was baking some syrup cookies and had quite a large panfull, looked up, and standing in the door were old Polly Parker and old Lucy and three children and old nigger Nance, who was old Tuscanuga's wife. He was the ugliest human I have ever seen. Nance was stolen when a child from St. Augustine. She never knew anything but Indians. Now I will tell you how they did me. I thought I would pass them around. They would take two or three, but, no, sir, old Polly took her dress up and poured the whole batch of them in her dress, so the rest of them wouldn't get any, and I did not know how to make them understand, and I heard my husband whistling at the boat. So I motioned him to hurry and he saw the guests I had. I told him. He made Polly give some to all of them. She didn't like it. He told me to always divide with each one. I learned to never have anything, for they liked to beg, but never would steal.

I had a little girl baby. Her name was Madge, and the little Indians would play with her and her brother, Charles. They were their first playmates, friends, too. My husband and Henry Parker were great boy friends, go swimming together and hunting. He was a fine large Indian and a favorite with the whites. He was standing on the bank at Ten Mile Creek when his dog must have jumped up and struck the trigger of his gun and it went off and killed him. He was about 20 years old. They all mourned for him.

My mother then was living on their homestead and she was a nurse and knew how to treat sick folks, and she doctored the Indians. We have seen five and six in the yard under the trees waiting till she could get medicine from Titusville. They had great confidence in her. They loved her. They would bring her so much meats and turkey, pumpkins and potatoes and even chickens. She could make them understand how to take medicine. It was ten years she cared for them. Then she went away for a while.

In 1883 we had our first Christmas tree and it was a nice little tree with real candles on it. Of course, we didn't have toys, but had a few presents of wearables. We had cakes and pies and a dance. That was the only pleasure and not more than two dozen there, Mrs. Hogg's family and Jim Russell and wife, myself and hubby, Mrs. Hendry's daughters, Lessy and Cally and Anna. Frank Bell was the fiddler and James Olmstead beat the strings. Oh! I was

about to forget my husband had an accordion and there were two Indians with us—Dr. Johnnie and Billy Bowlegs. Billy said he could play it, so someone gave it to him, and they told him to play "Leather Beeches," and he said "encah," so started, and he played the same thing until we were nearly distracted. So I said, "For heaven's sake, give him something to eat and get that thing and hide it." We could hear the violin then.

In 1884 we had two Baptist ministers, who came in missionary work. They came to our house and we had added one more room, so now we could accommodate them. We had a cook shed then, so they stayed several days, Mr. Michael and Mr. Savage, and they held church in our home. That was the first church to organize. Don't remember the date. My husband had a small saw mill and gave part of the lumber and helped to build it..

In 1886 the first House of Refuge was built, and we were the first keepers. It was built on the south side of Indian River Inlet, about three miles. We lived there thirteen months, when my health got so bad we had to give it up. Then three of the children had to go to school. We had to take the tide gauge, put it on record, and state when vessels passed, whether sail or steamships.

The tourists in the winter made our house a visiting place. It was very large and comfortable. They would bring lunch and spend the day before going North. Commodore Hughes of New York was almost a daily visitor in the winter.

CHAPTER V.

Now we were planning on a Fourth of July picnic, and we did not have an orator to speak, and no flag. Mother said: "I will make one." So she was the Betsy Ross. She had red and white cloth and some blue. She had father mark a star out, then she cut the number that was required, sewed every stitch by hand. She did not tell anyone until it was put up. William Beecher had got a nice long pole, peeled it, and it was white and slick and put it up. Then the next day was the Fourth. So he rigged the halyards and up went the flag. The people from all around admired the flag as it floated out with a nice east breeze, and some of the Indians looked, and in their eyes they asked the question, what is it? They told them one big day. The stayed all day. They held the picnic over to Coconut Cove. They could get fish and fry them, and oysters to roast. There were the Carletons, Russells, the Bells, the Hendrys and Pains and Hoggs. So there were about thirty-five people there. The flagpole was put up at Edgartown (now North Fort Pierce), and the first postoffice was in Edgartown. William Beecher kept it awhile. He gave it up to Mr. Cobb, and it was put in the Cantown store, which made it better for the people.

We were still at the House of Refuge, and surely it was a place of refuge, for on the 15th of November—it was a beautiful clear night—and Charles said: "Papa, listen, I hear somebody." I said. "Go to sleep," but we could hear people talking, not very loud. I said: "I'll bet it's a surprise party," so I went to the door and, sure enough, there was a crowd, and all trying to talk at once. Mothers trying to keep the children quiet. At last my husband said: "All stop and let one talk." I don't remember who did the talking, but anyway, he said: "We have come over here, as the Indians are on the warpath, their paints on and dancing around the fire. Say, 'Killum all white man,' so we came here to see if you can't make a treaty with them. They said white men had stolen their hogs and driven all their cattle off and said they would killum all, in two suns." The next morning my husband and his father and brother, all good friends with the Indians, said they would try to settle for them. They got over to Fort Pierce and had to raise two hundred dollars. That was their price. It was something hard to get that, but finally settled it, and the rustlers got the cattle, all right, but some of them had to leave the country. We were glad to see the men alive to get back to us. We gave a shout, and for weeks we were shaky, for we didn't understand Indians.

Now I would have to go over to Cantown store and get our

groceries. I had a good cat-rigged sail boat and it had a centerboard. So I would put the four children in the boat and tie the baby one to the centerboard pin and I could go over with the tide and come back on the outgoing tide, but I had to watch the wind in the cut, called Wildcat Cove. When I got to the store Mr. Julius Tyler was president of the Cantown Company, and he said: "Where is Jim?" I said: "Home, sick in bed, and the inspector is there." He said: "You came over with those little children?" I said: "Yes, I can sail as good as anyone." "That's all right, leave the children home." "Who would watch them? Jimmie can't get up."

He said: "If you was my wife you wouldn't." I said: "I hope she never has to do my way." He laughed, shook his head. Mr. Tyler was a thorough business man, and was always ready to have a social chat, and a good neighbor. They were over to the station, that is, he and wife. She also would scold me. They were here some time before Frank, his son, his wife and two daughters, Edyth and Ethel. After a while they came to Florida to be one of us. I think it was 1887, or near that time.

Now, we had one noted man and his wife, who were English to the bone. They were Lady and Lieutenant Henn. She always carried a bottle of the best to drink. I don't know how it was, but she would insist on me taking a nip. I never had much use for such stuff, much less those who used it. She was always swearing at the centerboard boats. She said nobody but Americans would have them. They were boarding at St. Lucia with Judge Paine and came over every day to fish, and my husband would roast oysters for them. They thought they were grand roasted.

Their boat did not get back soon enough, and Lady Henn wanted to go home. So I said: "We have a good boat. My husband can take you over." Lieutenant Henn said: "You couldn't hire her to get in a centerboard boat," but she hit the bottle hard and did not care, so they started. She would give the children money each time she came.

When he got back he said she liked the boat, and the next day she said: "Let me buy the boat," but of course we wouldn't part with it.

Senator Matt Quay and son, Dick, were boarding at Judge Paine's, and his wife and one daughter. They came to our house and we gave dances. We would invite the guests and send ox teams for them to come down, but we did not know their names. But they would come and enjoy the square dances. You could hear them laughing far out on the river. Dick Quay loved to dance what he called a cracker breakdown, and was a sport right. He paid the fiddler and the man who beat the strings. Ben Souy and wife always came, and he would dance till the last minute, then sing "We Won't Go Home Till Morning," and it was three in the morning many times when they would leave.

We would come over to our house for the dances. Now we would move the next week, so was painting the boat, and we were

trying to decide what color. I said white with red and he said blue stripe.

We heard the bushes cracking. I said: "It's the dog." He said: "Listen, it's a wildcat," he said, "too heavy, it's a bear," he said. "Here is the dog asleep. Be quiet, he will pass us." And he didn't come around the bow of the boat; he came around the stern. I jumped back, stepped on the dog, and he yelped. He saw the bear and ran, yelping every step. It came near running over me. We saw him run by the house and did not know where the children were. So we ran and the children saw him and said: "The bear bit Guy." That was the dog's name. They heard him yelping. We couldn't get him out all day. He came back the next afternoon. We had some bee hives and he discovered them, and when we saw him he had turned one over and was eating honey, and the bees swarming all over him, in his ears, all over his head. He rolled and pawed and stuck his nose in the sand, and then tried it again. We had no cartridges, so off he trotted on down the beach, but ruined the bees and honey, too.

We moved home once more and my husband went to Titusville to get his license for pilot and captain, as he was notified through the mail to pilot one of the boats.

The boats would start in one month. Oh, I tell you, that was joyful news, as we felt we were nearing civilization at last. When he returned he said he would help stake the channel, as he had run boats for 17 years, knew every sand and oyster bar through the nine miles of narrows, he could pilot a boat safely.

The narrows begin south of Vero and through where mangroves were on both sides of the channel, north for nine miles above Vero.

Well, Sunday came, and at last the day for the boat. Now every house was astir. It was four in the morning when we saw her bright light. She blew her whistle at St. Lucie and the echo sounded from one side of the river to the other. Oh, how light our hearts were. I knew we could ship our turtles to a good advantage—not lose so many.

We stood at the window (at last we had two windows), scarcely breathing lest it might be a myth, but we were soon to realize we were awake. We heard sounds like birds. "Hark!" I said, ". hear birds."

Husband said: "No, it's mice." The boat was just in front of our house when something fell in a lump from the rafters to the floor. It was a mouse nest, and a snake had got in and had a tiny mouse in its mouth. It fell at my feet. Some quick move, I jumped in the middle of the bed and got tangled in the mosquito net, fell out. Husband calling for a match, I got one and lit the lamp, and he killed the snake and mice, too, and after all, we didn't get to see much of the boat. We didn't go back to bed. It was daylight—glad of it. The boat got stuck in the Jupiter narrows. Sent for Capt. Jim Bell, as he was called, to pilot her back.

He ran on all the boats that ran on the river for ten years. He ran as pilot for Capt. Fischer, Capt. Bouie, Capt. Watson, Capt. Mercier, Capt. Bravo, Capt. Paddison. I have forgotten some names. He was known from New Smyrna to Lake Worth, now Palm Beach, and highly respected for his true worth, hale fellow to all.

Now I must tell of the first person who died, a Mr. Warren. He was working for Mr. P. Cobb and was living at the Henry Klopp place. He had three children and wife. His son, who was about 8 years old, came uptown, walked the river beach and told Mr. Cobb and then Mr. Carleton that his father was sick and somebody come at once. It was nearly three miles to walk, but my husband went and found him dead. He was poisoned on canned beef. He was the only one that ate it.

My husband left a man there and came back. Mr. Will Beecher and my father worked hard and got a coffin made out of rough boards and lined it with white bleachen and went back there. We had a pony, so he put the coffin in the wagon and had to pick his way through thicket and part trail, not much road. Put him in the wagon, nearly night, and the woman and children came in a row-boat. My husband and Mr. Carleton walking beside the horse.

When they got here the question was where to bury him. So Frank Bell said: "I will give one acre of land for a cemetery." So it was over back of the hill near where it is now. Frank gave a deed to it.

He was buried and Mr. C. T. McCarty offered a prayer. Mrs. McCarty and Mrs. Jennie Jennings sang "Shall We Meet Beyond the River," and it was dark as the little procession wended its way through the pines to Mrs. Jennings' house, where she cared for the little family until money was made up to send them to their people.

In 1886 my father, A. G. Lagow, decided to put up a boarding house, as some traveling men and tourist people began to come in the winter time. So he made arrangements to get the money, and built a six-room house. He had proved up on his homestead. Then Mr. Murry Hall came down and there was a fish house near the shore, and he rented it. Then W. W. Beecher put a blacksmith shop up. Now, this was Edgartown and the house still stands in Fort Pierce.

Mother had six men boarders. Of course, we didn't know their business then, but some bought hides, others came for health and one man, Mr. Roy, was trying to get to trade with the Indians, get deer hides for whiskey. So father told him the government men would get him. He did not tarry very long. Next boat he left. Their boarders thought it wonderful that mother could get such a meal. She would fix palmetto cabbage and they said it was better than green corn, and where did she get the turkeys and deer meat? She said: "You will see the ones who are the hunters."

Mother knew the Indians would be in that night. Sure enough, there was Henry Parker, Johnny Doctor and Polly and Lucy at the door early.

The drummers stood back and watched them. All brought some kind of meats, but mother always took a sharp knife and cut a thin layer all over it off. She said they always looked so dirty.

Mother told the boarders she doctored them when they were sick. They liked her.

She would take a ham of venison and cut the bone out, then the meat, grind it and put some potatoes, onions and bread crumbs, pepper and salt, then put it in a large baker, then bake about three hours, basting it often, and serve cold or hot, but it was delicious either way. Some of the men would say: "My plate leaks," or "You did not give me any; just a little more, please."

Now I will go on. I thought I would put out some seeds. Flowers were rare. I dug up a nice plot and planted them, and Charles was always busy undoing what I did. I went in the house and forgot Charles and looked out. He and the dog, Guy, were both asleep under a little tree that we had planted two years before. It was a mulberry from the beach, and it still is growing on the corner of Second and Norway on the Jim Bell homestead, planted 1880, and the children have driven hundreds of nails in the old body. It is 48 years old and it still is bearing fruit.

So you see the boy was all right. So started to get dinner. I called my husband and I said: "I wish you would call Charles." But he was coming in and said:

"Big black 'nake crawled on Charles boy's foot." We rushed out and, sure enough, there in the yard, the dog looking at it, a rattlesnake, coiled up, and my husband got the big hoe and scolded the dog, and struck it in the head. It was not large, about two feet long. It would have bit the dog, but we did not know whether it did crawl on his foot or not.

The dog got so he was so watchful and I had just fed the chickens and left the boy with feed, so went in the house. And I heard the dog growl and keep it up. So I went to see, and Charles was by the fence, imitating a cat: Meaow, meaow. So I said: "No cat there." He said it again and the picket was off, and when I got there I saw it was a wildcat, just in the act of jumping on him. He didn't want to leave. The dog was near the hole, watching, but the cat ran as he saw me. I would say: "Guy, bring the boy." He would tear his dress, but would bring him. He was worth his weight in gold. He took hemorrhages and died. He was five years old.

We had hard times until the boats got started. My two first children would cry for nenny bed until they would go to sleep. We had to wait till a boat came.

Oh, the privations and starvations and the aggravations of insects, and away from civilization, was so bad words could never express it. And then we would have a little party and forget the hardships for the time.

We had the Schleppy brothers, the Hendry brothers, Mr. Giger, the Houston boys, that were always ready for a dance and, strange

to say, they wore boots or brogans. They were heavy like plow shoes, but the boys were not accustomed to watch their step and not get on our dress trains.

Everyone wore long trains, some a half yard or more in length. Then we wore bustles and sleeves, tight from the cuff to the elbow, then like a balloon. The basques were short and very tight. Some wore hoops.

One night I was dancing with Arch Hendry and he had on a new pair of brogs and he would slip and nearly fall. So he said: "Wait, I'll fix the darn things." Out with his jackknife and scraped them on the soles. "We're rough now, we can dance."

Someone had put sperm oil on the floor, and the rough boards were nearly worn smooth from dancing. He will laugh when he reads this, as he still is in Fort Pierce.

The dancing was not hugging like they do now. Graceful dancing is impossible with jazz. And the styles were like in the Peterson Magazine, 1874 to 1886. Then dresses took 12 yards to make one—all loops in the back—and you can make three dresses now out of the 12 yards. That is much better than a dress mopping the floors.

There were not many single girls, only Ella and Alice and Matella Bell and Miss Mary somebody. She was a school teacher to Mr. Ruben Carleton's children, Charlotte and Sally and Lessie, and Anna Hendry were all the girls, and we young married folks were young, even if we did have children.

We went to Mrs. Carleton's to a dance and some of the men said: "Let's have some fun," and the children were put on quilts in the carts, so when they started home they would not wake them up.

We would make pallets on the floor in the house. Put some there while dancing. They took some children and put in the carts, and bring them out of the carts and change them all around. When a mother heard a child cry they would listen and everyone knew their voices, and someone would fill in the place dancing until she came back.

One little one started crying and the rest were aroused, and there were eight, and you couldn't tell where they were—some outside—and the light was put out. Such a time! It took over an hour to get straightened out and then it was time to go. We did not have a dance for a long time. Some got mad.

My father and husband were going on a big hunting trip. We put the children in the boat and went to Fort Capron, where father was, and start from there. Sister and mother and myself were not going, so they said they would put a pole up, so if anything should happen we could come to Sewell's Point and put a white flag on it. They could see it. We were not acquainted with Capt. Sewell at that time.

We were getting things ready and I went to the door and saw a boat rowing in towards father's house, and I said a boat was coming and hubby came, then sister and children; mother also, and

last dad. The three strangers laughed and one said: "Gal, stand back and let dad see," and of course it did look funny. Dad went on down to the landing. One said: "Say, can we cook on the shore?"

"Certainly, you can." They had provisions for a month. They gave us some tea and some butter, and it was good, for we only had briar root tea, and they gave us sugar, too. They decided to go with dad, so started with a dandy east wind. It wouldn't take over six hours to go. We saw them off, so cleaned up and did some sewing, and to bed early, as the sand flies would eat us alive.

The strangers were Mr. Clay, Shad and Joe Gould, who after a year or more came to fish for the Scoby Fish Company here and at St. Lucie River.

We did not get up early—nothing to do. It was eight o'clock and the children were up and my sister was usually up first. But mother called her and no answer. So raised the net. She was not there, so called out the door. No answer. Now that got us excited and an old man lived back of the place. Said: "I think your gal is gone. I seed a man take a bundle and a gal get in a little sail boat and pull out. He come from dat house furder down."

So we knew it was Jim Russell's house. The man was Mrs. Russell's brother, but she denied his being there, but Mr. Pain saw them and said he thought we were with them. He said they were going to Lake Worth.

Well, we didn't know she knew him well enough to run away, but after awhile we found he had met her and she was told she was getting a wonderful man. She was not fifteen yet. She got a brute, so mother said: "We will go to dad." Our hearts were nearly broken. She was such a dear, good girl.

We put the children in the old Bogum and the sail was too heavy. It had sixty yards in it, so we put a reef in it. Then we got it up quite good. Good breeze from the east, and I made for the east side of the river, then a straight run and could make it in about four hours. We could see the place they told us to come to, and they had a fire, cooking supper. But they saw us. They knew the big boat, so dad and my husband got in the small boat and rowed out to us. They thought all kinds of things till they got to us. Well, we told dad, and I don't want to ever see him so mad again. But it was too late to get through the Jupiter narrows, so we camped in the boat, it was so large. Then started, and I was glad they had such a start, as father would have shot him as long as the gun would fire.

When we got to Jupiter the children and I stayed in the boat. The party that was with dad came along, but stopped at Jupiter, too, as my husband had told them. They said they would wait until they came back.

Mother, father and husband started. They had to walk eight miles, and sometimes mother would lag behind to rest up a little, but she had a gun, and not afraid of man or beast.

She said she got behind going over to the lakeside, as they

were nearly there, and she saw the bushes moving and twigs breaking. Looked up and about twenty feet away she could see something slowly dragging along. She called and called. Dad looked around. She beckoned, but he shook his head, but she sat down then. He thought she was hurt, so hurried back. She pointed toward it. They saw what it was. It was a sea serpent of some description. Well, it was green and black and a yellowish mingled colors, and they watched it crawl to the sea. It raised its head and looked all around till it turned their way. Then they said it looked like a human face. It stood up about three or four feet. They measured to where its tail was and to where the head was and it was about thirty feet long and looked the size of a small nail keg.

They went on over and could see the trail. Told Mr. Brown and Moore of it. They said it had been seen about twice a year and the Indians were superstitious and would neither kill or try to capture it.

So in 1927 one has been seen over at Surfside beach twice. Some men came over to Fort Pierce to get guns to kill it with, but when they got back it was gone. Don't think it the same one as that was 42 years ago.

I will go on. They told Mr. Brown what they came for and he said: "I married them, that he had got the licenses in Titusville and I don't know where they went, but his mother lives across the lake." So they let them go. We did not see her for a year. She wrote us. So we came back home.

In 1888 Mr. Stephen Jennings and wife, three children, son, Arthur, and Paul, and Myrtle Jennings moved in our little town. She said: "Well, we have come to stay." After they were here some time they bought some land of us and built a house on it, and they became my neighbors. We lived on the river, while they lived about two hundred yards back of us. Mr. Jennings was a good worker and could get more than anyone else.

Mrs. Jennings was a great nurse and good doctor, and no one ever left their home hungry. She organized the first Methodist Sunday school in her house and worked untiringly until they got the church built.

They took up a homestead over on the island, and where he burned mangrove wood and sold the ashes to the pineapple growers for the pines. It was of great commercial value. Took jobs of clearing land. His son, Arthur, stuck to him and in winter went to school. Miss Nettie Gifford was one of the teachers and they took their turn in boarding her, as it did not pay enough so they could pay board.

I will tell of the school. The first was a palmetto shack. Mr. Joseph Hurst taught the Bell children and Jim Russell's two. It was at Taylor Creek.

Then, about where the Altadena hotel stands was a little log house and the children, ten in number. When it was cold the chil-

dren would get pine knots and start a fire and stand around to get their lessons. The cracks in the house were large enough that a cat could crawl through. The boys would climb up to the roof like a ladder on it.

Say, when they came home they looked like the inside of a stovepipe from standing around the black smoke, but they were happy and healthy.

Well, in 1888 Lawyer McCarty and wife and sons, Daniel, Charles and Brian, came to Florida. They located at Ancona. Now it is Eldred. In 1889 they came to Edgartown and Mrs. McCarty was selected to teach the school. She would cook her food and bring it up to do her for a few days, then on Saturday go down home and wash and come Sunday evening. My father gave them a lot and they built a little house on it, so she wouldn't have to go and come so much. I am not sure, but think she taught two terms, and was one among the best teachers that ever taught for fifteen years. She was a splendid penman, explicit in everything she taught.

Mr. McCarty was a man the town needed very much. He induced many people to come to Florida, and needed in his profession, as he was the first lawyer to come in here, but he had some money, as he couldn't have lived here, for not much doing in that line. Then he was assassinated January 30, 1897, which was very uncalled-for, and the town surely lost a good man and citizen. They sold their house to Jim and Nelly Seward, the first colored people in town.

Elizabeth Carleton, mother of Lim and Wright and Charles, Rube, Charlotte, Sallie, and, last but one, Sheriff Dan Carleton, who was killed in duty to his office and people. He was faithful to all, strangers or friends, of which he had many. He left wife, one son and daughter, who still live in Fort Pierce.

Mrs. Elizabeth Carleton was mother to all who knew her, as well as to her children. She would go to see the sick, distance made no difference. She would fix soups or something, never thinking of herself. She surely was self-sacrificing. She and family moved out to Ten-mile Creek, where she bought land and built a grove under difficulties. Her husband, Ruben Carleton, was more of a stock man. He would rather do that than farm work. She gave to her children, so that all of them had little start before going to her reward, for she was a thorough Christian.

Mr. Ned Summerlin moved to St. Lucie with wife, Pollyan, and seven children, Clarence, Harry, Aden, Ethel, Josephine, Tom and Dick, and one died. Well, now, if you once met him you would have learned his way of joking, for he would look you over and then say: "Well, if you get sick, come up and get some good clean cooking and get fat like I am." Their table was always set for one more. He never saw a stranger, and it seemed the more they gave, the more they had.

His wife, a quiet, dear little woman, always joined in anything he did or asked her to. They had one of the longest latchstrings of

anyone. Tourists always looked for Uncle Ned. He passed away, but his wife and sons remain in Fort Pierce yet.

Now, in 1893, we were going out to White City for a big land sale, as it had been laid out in streets and lots to be sold at auction. And some ran up as high as four hundred dollars. The funniest part was some of our people bought lots that could have gotten the same land at one dollar and a quarter an acre. Could see a big town grow over night. They had music and dancing and little places fixed to sit, and big tables for the spread—lemonade by the barrel—and they had a graphophone with two sets of ear tubes; 10 cents to hear it. We did not buy. We had land. The company left, but gave White City a start, but they collected quite a sum, and the people thought they had bought land, but would have to sell it by the quart. At that time there was no drainage. They skipped out, but had the money.

In 1894 we had a freeze, that the fish in the river were frozen until they would float by the acres, or it looked like acres. The east wind would bring them over to the west side of the river, then the men folks would rake them back in the water, and it was so terrible we could hardly stand it, and finally they began to sink. We buried lots of them for fertilizer.

In 1886 we had a turtle pen with 50 head of green turtles in it, and it was cold. The wind from the west. My husband said: "If the water keeps on falling we will have to bring the turtles out and cover them and build a fire." So Mr. Giger and a colored man, John Huggins, started to bring them to the bank. As the water was 50 feet out, it didn't take much to handle them, for they were getting numb. They covered them up with old canvas and they began to limber up, but we had three days of it. So they sat up all night keeping fire, but we lost all but three, the smallest. Over $500 lost in twenty-four hours.

We had a small grocery store at this time. Will Gibson was a barber and we let him have a place for his shop, but didn't stay long. Too slow for him, he said.

Mr. Billie Tucker, wife and son, Goss, and daughter moved to St. Lucie and rented Mr. Pain's boarding house and ran it a season, then rented the Edgar house at Edgartown, kept boarders. Then Mr. Tucker opened a saloon. After years it was called the Tarpon, but his first saloon was a small house across the street from our store. There was talk of the railroad then, and materialized later. The Edgar house still stands, No. 511 North River Drive, or Second Street.

Yes, and we had a family move in from Michigan. Mr. George Saunders, wife and one daughter and five sons, more school children. Then a good school, with Mr. Will Hodge as teacher, and surely was a well liked teacher, and taught for four terms. We all surely were glad of the new and nice people that fast were coming in, and the Saunders have lived near the cemetery over 28 years. Their sons' names are John, Perry, George, Nathan, Howard, Raymond

and daughter, Sadie, and made good neighbors. Mrs. Saunders' niece, Maud Willming, married Will Richards of Eden.

Oh, joy! The railroad surveyors arrived on the boat and began the survey and signing the right of way, which we joyfully did, for it was the greatest event that could happen to our east coast.

My husband was justice of the peace when a year later they began to bring mules, horses and tons of feed and everything that goes to build a railroad. Dagoes, negroes and workmen of all kinds and color, and all departments. The poor animals did suffer, for they did not know how to protect them from the horseflies, and we had some stuff to put on them—made them use it. But the most brutal treatment you ever saw. So my husband was sent to examine the animals each day and found them beaten till they were not fit to use. So the law was, put a fine on the owner. So that stopped it for a while.

Then the men, white and black, would get drunk and fight each other, and several were found in the river, thrown overboard after being killed. The justice of the peace had a time, but he gave it up to Mr. MacMillen and just stayed in the store.

He would sell sometimes a barrel of cider a week to the Dagoes. They would call for ronches and cy. So they pointed to it and we found it was cider and crackers. Sometimes they would get a big box of bread from Titusville and it was so hard they cut it with their dirk knives or soak it in black coffee.

Of all things it was that they would kill the buzzards and cook them, but they got after them and finally stopped it. They were dirtier than buzzards themselves.

The camps, and turning up so much stuff, it caused several cases of typhoid fever, and most people wouldn't go to a house for fear of getting it. I had my husband and one daughter and two sons down at one time, but we had some medicine in the store and I treated them for fifteen days. No doctors, no drug stores. The nearest doctor was Dr. W. M. Fee of Melbourne, and I sent for him and he was all the help I had—just one time. Daughter's fever ran 31 days. The rest were not so bad, but Dr. Fee said: "You have done well with only a little medicine to do with." So he sent me some medicine by mail, and about six months later Dr. Licta put a small drug store up in Edgartown. But the greatest help I had was from the Lord. I prayed to Him for help and He never left me.

Dr. W. M. Fee was father to Mr. Frank Fee and grandfather to Fred and W. J. Fee of Fort Pierce. They came to Florida in 1888, to Melbourne. Then came here and built up quite a business in the hardware store.

Mr. R. L. Goodwin and George Bachus came. Quite an interesting family, for they could entertain in various ways, and always ready for fun. All were ready for shows and anything to make pleasure for the public. George Bachus and wife, two sons, Tod, George, Bessie. They could hold a crowd when no one else could.

Mr. Goodwin and wife brought no children. Mrs. Goodwin sometimes would play the piano, but they, too, were jolly and always ready for pleasure. Mr. Goodwin turned his attention to his flowers, especially his Easter lilies, of which he has a great many, and different plants. Now he sells real estate instead of digging it.

Now, in 1891, the Dittmar family came to Fort Pierce and got acquainted with my father, and father decided he would go on a farm. So Mr. Dittmar had one to sell and soon he and father traded. Father gave him the Edgar house and sixty lots for his farm in Oxford, Fla. They kept it for a year and sold. Went to Los Angeles, Calif., where father passed away, and mother is still with me at the age of 86 years, with good health.

Now, in 1893, the first one of the work trains had got as far as our place. The track was finished that far and the engineer, Clemens, was fond of my little girl, Anna Bell, who was ten months old. He would take her on the engine and she would cry when he would bring her back. She was the first child to ride on the train in Fort Pierce.

I tell you, our great-grandchildren will never know the suffering and hardships and torture the people had, to build the greatest comfort and cause the greatest development of the richest land in the United States.

In 1894, the greatest day for Fort Pierce, when the first train pulled in from Jacksonville with some of the officials and a few passengers, and on it was one of the wisest and far-sighted men at the helm, and made the east coast what it is today. Henry M. Flagler was the greatest and, as I have said, it was an inspiration from God. Like Abe Lincoln, he was inspired. And now one more, Lucky Lindy, who was inspired, and will be only one, it shows, for his plane was called the Spirit of St. Louis.

I have lived in Fort Pierce since 1879 and have seen it come out of the sand and wilderness, to one of the most prosperous of counties in the state, with its many large orange groves and thousands of acres of potato land, which don't take a back seat for any state; and trucking of all kinds. Now the old ox teams are gone, wagons cast aside, horses nearly done away with and replaced with trucks and automobiles, makes the country nearer town.

The beautiful large and expensive school house has replaced the little palmetto one that held ten or twelve children. The new one can accommodate fifteen hundred.

Now a beautiful courthouse and the Fort Pierce Hotel can and does cater to the most fastidious, besides other hotels.

And, too, the causeway which connects the island with the mainland. You can go over and take a swim, or fish or stop at the casino. There and back in an hour, where it took us, if we had to row, two hours to go over to the beach in 1880.

I have written all of interest, but of friends and neighbors who have come in since the earlier days, they had no trouble. The older ones gradually passed away. But I hope you excuse the mistakes,

for I never had a chance for school. But I never would go in a pioneer country if I were young again. I raised seven children under difficulties, and I now sign myself,

MRS. EMILY LAGOW BELL.

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